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A LITTLE BOOK
OF
LIGHT
VERSE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

By ANTHONY C. DEANE, M.A.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF C. S. CALVERLEY.

LONDON

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A LITTLE BOOK

THE

WIFE

OF A LITTLE BOOK

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INTRODUCTION

WHAT is light verse? To frame a definition of it at once succinct and satisfactory is rather difficult. On the map of English literature its province must lie somewhere between those of lyric poetry and satire, but to fix the general position is much easier than to draw the boundary-lines with accuracy. At what precise point on either side does one step across the frontier? There is much genuine humour in lyric poetry, there is an under-note of seriousness in some of the very best light verse. Satire, again, clearly is a separate province; you could not describe, for example, the 'Dunciad' or 'Absalom and Achithophel' as light verse. Yet 'Hudibras,' which surely *is* light verse, is a satire also; indeed, all parody, that most characteristic form of light verse, is, strictly speaking, a form of satire. The truth is that to arrive at a distinction you must regard, not merely the theme of the writing, but the mood and the intention of the writer. In lyric poetry that purpose is to appeal to the emotions; to inspire, or to console, or to touch the sense of beauty. The humour in it is merely incidental, or is employed by way of con-

trast, and to enhance the effect of the rest. But of light verse amusement is the primary object; and if a graver note be sounded in it, it is this which is incidental. In the same way, by considering the real purpose of the writer, the distinction between light verse and satire becomes plain. Light verse is the expression not only of humour, but of good-humour. When, for instance, Mr Seaman travesties the methods of the present Poet-laureate, he does so merely for our entertainment, certainly not in order to air any feelings of personal enmity against Mr Austin. In a very different mood did Mr Pope set himself to deal with Colley Cibber and the numerous other poets he ridiculed. His primary aim was not to amuse his readers but to hurt his enemies; humour chanced to be the most convenient weapon of attack, but whether his couplets were humorous or not mattered little. What did matter, from his point of view, was that certain persons whom he detested should be made to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. In other words, the hope of the satirist is to draw blood; the light versifier may charm us by his dexterous swordmanship, may plant a hundred shrewd blows upon his victim, but the button is never off his foil. So much, then, for the manner of light verse: a word may be added as to the matter. Plainly enough, the subjects appropriate to the gayer muse lie, for the most part, on or

near the surface of life. To treat such themes with a heavy-handed touch is bad workmanship, to jest about serious things is mere flippancy. The skilful light versifier shuns both these dangers ; his themes are pleasant trifles, and he trifles with them pleasantly.

The English nation seems to take its poetry, like its pleasures, seriously ; at least, for one reason or another the art of light verse has been never very popular in this country. It is very doubtful if the art, as an art, existed before the days of the ' Anti-Jacobin ' and ' Rejected Addresses,'—that is to say, roughly speaking, before the beginning of the nineteenth century. Doubtless a good deal of light verse was written prior to that date, as the contents of the present volume bear witness. But, excellent of their kind as are some of these trifles, they are the holiday tasks of serious poets rather than the productions of real light verse writers. Most of the serious poets, from Milton to Robert Browning, have used verse to give expression to their gayer moods, writing it either to amuse themselves or as an outlet for high spirits. The result is often delightful, but it is not artistic. It is the equivalent of the landscape sketches made by a portrait-painter on his holiday. Light verse has a technique of its own, and a man may write admirable poems and yet fail to write good light verse, simply because he has not studied that tech-

nique. Indeed, the average man hardly realises that there is any technique to study. He does not see that light verse is a distinct and separate art; but dismisses the best of those who practise it—Mr Austin Dobson, for example—as ‘minor poets.’ The truth is that Mr Dobson is not a minor poet at all, but a master of light verse writing; his achievements in his own field are as superior to the light verse of Robert Browning, as are that author’s serious poems to the efforts of a light verse writer attempting serious poetry. And it is rather strange that in the country which, if it has not been prolific of good light versifiers, has produced a few who are incomparably good, one still should have to point out that these are true masters of a distinct and separate art, and not persons who merely wrote light verse because they were incapable of turning out the third-rate sonnets and lyrics which the public is prepared to revere as ‘poetry.’ Nor is it the public only which is to blame. Criticism, on the whole (I say this with the fear of Mr Churton Collins upon me!) is, in respect of every other branch of literature, often able, and nearly always competent. But the ordinary criticism received by the writer of light verse is hopelessly inept. First, he is fairly certain to be told that he is ‘a disciple of Calverley,’ not because he follows the Calverleyan methods, but merely because he has written verse designedly

humorous. His manner may resemble Calverley's as little as it is like Homer's; but, in the eyes of the average critic, every light verse writer is either a 'disciple of Calverley,' or, worse still, 'a not unworthy follower of Ingoldsby.' Then follow a few lines of patronising tolerance. As the highest meed of praise, the light versifier is recommended to forsake the art which he has mastered, and to enrol himself in the legion of poetasters who bewail existence in the ears of an unheeding world. 'Delightfully fluent,' writes the kind critic, 'composed evidently with the greatest ease and facility. It is to be regretted that the writer does not devote his undoubted powers to a worthier purpose. The present volume is quite harmless, but scarcely calls for notice. With pleasure we turn from its facile trifling to consider Mr Blank's "Dante and Beatrice," a strikingly beautiful poem which,' etc., etc. By all means let 'Dante and Beatrice' or the latest 'Sonnet-sequence' receive the lengthy and sympathetic appreciation which, no doubt, they so well deserve. Yet this does not necessitate the treatment given to the writer of good light verse, which is a literary achievement quite as notable in its way as a set of sonnets or a blank verse drama. Why should the light versifier be accounted a sort of literary buffoon, whose work is beneath serious consideration?

The most obvious reason is that it reads as if

it were extremely easy to write. Indeed, just in proportion as it is good, as it runs smoothly and without effort, as its art succeeds in concealing the artifice, so much the less will the average reader believe that any real skill has gone to the making of it. It sounds as easy as talking, it seems almost to have made itself. It appears, in fact, the easiest stuff in the world to write—until you come to attempt it yourself. When people realise how rare and how subtle is its art, when they discern the skill and the toil which have produced lines which seem so fluent, so inevitable, light verse at last will cease to be the Cinderella of English literature.

The art of light verse is, as I have suggested above, of a comparatively recent date, so far as this country is concerned. Suckling and Wither wrote it in sheer gaiety of heart, and in Milton's hands the thing became a penny-whistle, upon which he lamented the death of the Oxford carrier in strains rugged enough but by no means destitute of humour. And the light verse of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is simply the recreation of writers who are remembered chiefly by their success in other departments of literature. There is neatness and delicacy of touch in the work of Prior and Gray, but the prevalent idea of light verse was that, so long as its theme was humorous, it might be written anyhow ;

an extra syllable or two in a line mattered little, a clumsy inversion or a false rhyme still less. That bad tradition was kept alive in later years by the 'Ingoldsby Legends' and their numerous imitations; that it is not quite dead even yet the columns of the comic journals of to-day bear painful witness. In fact, the popular theory was that light verse should be a rollicking jingle, written pretty well as you pleased, the more puns in it the better; but that it should be polished or refined was by no means to be expected. There was another form of light verse, highly popular in the first half of the nineteenth century, which perhaps should be mentioned here. This was the mock-epic, in the first line of which the Muse was solemnly invoked to sing of a cricket match or a prize-fight. And this the Muse did forthwith, often at prodigious length, in couplets fashioned after the model of Mr Pope's Iliad. In the days of the mock-epic, however, the art of good light verse writing was not unknown. Certainly Canning's immortal 'Knife-Grinder,' and some others of the 'Anti-Jacobin' rhymes of 1798, deserve that title. Fourteen years later appeared the 'Rejected Addresses' of James and Horace Smith, upon which it would be superfluous to waste praise. Written nearly a hundred years ago, most of them are as full of point and as delightful to read as ever. Jeffrey gave them the

honour of a long notice in *The Edinburgh Review*, in the course of which that eminent critic blandly remarks that 'some few of them descend to the level of parodies'!—a sentence which incidentally makes us realise in what esteem the art of parody was held in the year 1812. About twelve years later the work of Winthrop Mackworth Praed began to figure in the 'Annuals' and 'Keepsakes,' and other elegant publications of the day. Perhaps his methods are a trifle too artificial, possibly his lines are almost too smooth; but at least he established finally the tradition of artistic light verse, which never since has become extinct. From him, and subsequently from such writers as Calverley, Locker, Henry Leigh, and Mr Dobson, we have learnt to distinguish good light verse as an art in itself, as something distinct from satire and from lyric verse—as apart, also, from merely 'comic' rhymes. We have learnt that to write light verse well you must unite a sense of humour with a sensitive ear, intolerant of jarring lines and slovenly finish. In a sense it is easier to write serious poetry than light verse. Your serious poem may be not very good, but also it may be not very bad—in a word, it may be mediocre, like the great bulk of serious poetry produced nowadays. But there is no such middle term for light verse. Unless it is distinctly good, it is distinctly bad. Either it produces its single

effect—it ‘touches the spot,’ like a familiar medicament—or it fails hopelessly.

It has been asserted that writing light verse is the sowing of literary wild oats. Certainly it is true that many of those who paid the gayer Muse assiduous court in their youth have deserted her in their later years. It may be that their high spirits fail them, or even the prosaic need of boiling the family pot may have something to do with it. No writer of light verse has succeeded in buying a castle or a yacht with the proceeds of his songs, no editors or syndicates pay him fancy prices for his work. The Universities seem to be the natural homes of light verse; some of the very best has seen light first in undergraduate journals. A Cambridge man may be pardoned for recalling with pride the fact that Praed, Calverley, Hilton, J. K. Stephen and Mr Seaman—to name a few out of many—all practised their cheerful art by the side of the Cam. Oxford, indeed, was the home of Calverley until the Balliol dons sent him down, and Messrs Lang, Godley and Quiller-Couch have shown that it is possible to write excellent light verse in the rival University; yet if an Inter-University Eisteddfod were added to the other annual contests, the Cambridge team, one thinks, usually would be successful in the light verse event.

But it is time to end these somewhat de-

sultory remarks! There is no need, I trust, to explain that this volume does not aspire to be a complete collection of all the good light verse in the English language. Its humbler scope is defined by its title; it is 'a little book of light verse,' a mere nosegay, so to speak, and not a botanical collection. It will be noticed, for instance, that none of the pieces in this volume hail from the other side of the Atlantic. And, as regards copyright pieces (while I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge with warm thanks the readiness with which the needful permission has been granted in most cases), there are certain omissions for which the anthologist is not to blame. It is not my fault, for example, that none of 'Lewis Carroll's' rhymes are to be found in the following pages. Sometimes, again, the owners of copyright have restricted my choice to pieces other than those I myself should have selected. Another difficulty has arisen from the fact that so large a proportion of the best light verse now written is topical. Obviously, it is not desirable to include in a book of this kind lines prefaced by the familiar cutting 'from a daily paper.' Verse of that nature is sheer journalism—brilliant and effective journalism, no doubt, but it is not literature. However, despite the limitations and omissions, whether made deliberately or entailed by the size of the volume or

the law of copyright, I venture to hope that there is much pleasant reading in these pages. We have been bidden of late to welcome a growing taste for serious poetry; no longer the delight only of the few, it is becoming, they tell us, dear to the average reader. Perhaps, then, it is not idle to hope that the 'average reader' presently will gain an insight into the true worth of light verse, when he will perceive that at its best it is no mere vagrant of the outer courts, but fitly can claim a place, humble yet honourable, within the temple of the Muses.

A. C. D.

NOTE

IN addition to the living authors who so kindly have allowed work of theirs to appear in this collection, my thanks for leave to include copyright pieces are due to Messrs LONGMANS & Co., Messrs CHATTO & WINDUS, Messrs BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., Mr JOHN LANE, Messrs METCALFE & Co. (of Cambridge), Sir THEODORE MARTIN, Sir HERBERT STEPHEN, Mrs CALVERLEY, Mr LLOYD OSBOURNE, Mr T. LOCKER-LAMPSON, and the Editors of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *St. James's Gazette*. I hope there are no omissions in this list. Finally, in the introductory remarks to this volume I have been permitted to incorporate the substance of an article contributed by me some years ago to the *Academy*.

The portrait of C. S. CALVERLEY is inserted by the kind permission of Mrs CALVERLEY.

A. C. D

JOCOSA LYRA

*In our hearts is the Great One of Avon
Engraven,
And we climb the cold summits once built on
By Milton.*

*But at times not the air that is rarest
Is fairest,
And we long in the valley to follow
Apollo.*

*Then we drop from the heights atmospheric
To Herrick,
Or we pour the Greek honey, grown blander,
Of Lander;*

*Or our cosiest nook in the shade is
Where Praed is,
Or we toss the light bells of the mocker
With Locker:*

*Oh, the song where not one of the Graces
Tight-laces,—
Where we woo the sweet Muses not starchly,
But archly,—*

*Where the verse, like a piper a-maying,
Comes playing,—
And the rhyme is as gay as a dancer
In answer;—*

*It will last till men weary of pleasure
In measure!
It will last till men weary of laughter . . .
And after!*

AUSTIN DOBSON.

CHRISTMAS

So now is come our joyfulest part ;
Let every man be jolly ;
Each room with ivy-leaves is dressed,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry !

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas-blocks are burning ;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie ;
And, if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie
And evermore be merry !

Rank misers now do sparing shun ;
Their hall of music soundeth ;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run ;
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance
With crowdy-muttons¹ out of France ;
And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry !

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor that else were undone ;

¹ Another reading is: 'For Crowdy-mutton's come out of France.' 'Crowdy-mutton' is perhaps a nickname for a French fiddler. 'Crowd' = fiddle.

Some landlords spend their money worse,
 On lust and pride in London.
 There the roysters they do play,
 Drab and dice their lands away,
 Which may be ours another day,
 And therefore let's be merry!

The client now his suit forbears;
 The prisoner's heart is easèd;
 The debtor drinks away his cares,
 And for the time is pleasèd.
 Though other's purses be more fat,
 Why should we pine or grieve at that?
 Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,¹
 And therefore let's be merry!

Hark! now the wags abroad do call
 Each other forth to rambling;
 Anon you'll see them in the hall,
 For nuts and apples scrambling.
 Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound;
 Anon they'll think the house goes round,
 For they the cellar's depth have found
 And there they will be merry!

The wenches with their wassail bowls
 About the streets are singing;
 The boys are come to catch the owls;
 The wild mare² in is bringing;

¹ Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act v. Sc. 1. 'What though care killed a cat?'

² Probably the game of 'see-saw.' Cf. *Henry IV.*, Pt. ii., Act ii. Sc. 4. 'And rides the wild-mare with the boys.'

Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box ;
 And to the dealing of the ox
 Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
 And here they will be merry !

Now kings and queens poor sheep-cots have,
 And mate with everybody ;
 The honest now may play the knave,
 And wise men play the noddy.
 Some youths will now a-mumming go,
 Some others play at Rowland-bo,
 And twenty other game, boys, mo,
 Because they will be merry !

Then wherefore, in these merry days,
 Should we, I pray, be duller ?
 No, let us sing some roundelays
 To make our mirth the fuller :
 And, while we thus inspir'd sing,
 Let all the streets with echoes ring ;
 Woods, and hills, and everything,
 Bear witness we are merry !

George Wither.

A WEDDING

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been ;
 Where I the rarest things have seen ;
 Oh, things without compare !
 Such sights again can not be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town;
Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger tho' than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest;
Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
The King (God bless him!), 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' the town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what? The youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing:
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)¹
For such a maid no Whitson-ale
Could ever yet produce;

¹ Cf. *As You Like It*, Act ii. Sc. 7, and other passages the phrase is used four times by Shakespeare.

No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft, as she
Nor half so full of juyce.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring ;
It was too wide a peck :
And, to say truth (for out it must),
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,¹
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way ;
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half as fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare, a white was on,
No daisie make comparison
(Who sees them is undone) ;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,
Compared to what was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly) ;

¹ Cf. Herrick's 'On Her Feet.'

'Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.'

But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on a sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break
That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, beside the bride.
The business of the kitchen's great ;
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey ;
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated ?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse ;
Heaths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick ;

And when 'twas named another's health,
 Perhaps he made it her's by stealth,
 (And who could help it, Dick?)

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance;
 Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:
 Then dance again, and kiss:
 Thus several ways the time did pass,
 Till ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
 And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stolen aside
 To counsel and undress the bride;
 But that he must not know:
 But yet 'twas thought he guest her mind,
 And did not mean to stay behind
 Above an hour or so.

Sir John Suckling.

ON THE OXFORD CARRIER

HERE lies old Hobson¹; death has broke his girt,
 And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter that if truth were known,
 Death was half-glad when he had got him down,
 For he had, any time this ten years full,

¹Hobson kept a livery stable in Cambridge. While professing to offer his customers a choice of horses, he insisted upon their hiring the one standing in the stall next the door. Hence the phrase 'Hobson's choice.'

Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.

And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd,
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlain,
 Shew'd him his room, where he might lodge that
 night,

Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light :
 If any ask for him it shall be said,
 'Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed.'

John Milton.

A LOVER'S CHRONICLE

MARGARITA first possess'd,
 If I remember well, my breast,
 Margarita first of all ;
 But when awhile the wanton maid
 With my restless heart had played,
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon it did resign
 To the beauteous Catharine.

Beauteous Catharine gave place
 (Though loth and angry she to part
 With the possession of my heart)
 To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign
 Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
 Fundamental laws she broke,

And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne
Both to reign at once began ;
Alternately they sway'd ;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes I both obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose ;
A mighty tyrant she !
Long, alas ! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free
'Twas then a golden time with me :
But soon those pleasures fled ;
For the gracious princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reignèd in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power :
Wondrous beautiful her face !
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye ;

Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place, I then obey'd
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid ;
To whom ensued a vacancy :
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast ;
Bless me from such an anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began ;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria ;
And then a pretty Thomàsine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state ;
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things
That make up all their magazines ;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts ;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
(Numberless, nameless mysteries !)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting maid ;
I more voluminous should grow.

(Chiefly if I like them should tell
 All change of weathers that befell)
 Than Holinsted or Stow.¹

But I will briefer with them be,
 Since few of them were long with me.

An higher and a nobler strain
 My present Emperess doth claim,
 Heleonora, first o' th' name ;
 Whom God grant long to reign !

Abraham Cowley.

THE LEARNING OF HUDIBRAS ²

HE was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skilled in analytic ;
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
 He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of argument a man's no horse ;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl—
 A calf, an alderman—a goose, a justice—
 And rooks, committee-men and trustees.
 He'd run in debt by dissipation,
 And pay by ratiocination :
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would do.

¹ Historians.

² From 'Hudibras,' Part i., Canto i.

For rhetoric, he could not open
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
 And when he happened to break off
 I' the middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words, ready to show why,
 And tell what rules he did it by ;
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talked like other folk ;
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to mind his tools.
 But, when he pleased to shew't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich ;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect :
 It was a party-coloured dress
 Of patched and piebald languages ;
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin ;
 Like fustian heretofore on satin.
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if he had talked three parts in one ;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
 Or Cerebus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.

Samuel Butler.

AN ODE

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrowed name ;
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
 But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—
 When Chloe noted her desire
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
 But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
 And while I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :
 I sung, and gazed ; I play'd and trembled :
 And Venus to the Loves around
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

Matthew Prior.

ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES

'Twas on a lofty vase's side
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers that blow,
 Demurest of the tabby kind
 The pensive Selima, reclined,
 Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared :
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
 She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream :

Their scaly armour's Syrian hue
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray'd the golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw
With many an ardent wish
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise ?
What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between—
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;
She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to every watery God
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold :
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters gold !¹

Thomas Gray.

¹ Cf. 'All thing which that shineth as the gold
Ne is no gold, as I have heard it told.'—*Chaucer.*

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A
MAD DOG

Good people all of every sort
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked ev'ry day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighb'ring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;

And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied :
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band¹ captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
'Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister, and my sister's child
Myself, and children three
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we.'

¹ Militia.

He soon replied—‘ I do admire
Of womankind but one
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

‘ I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know
And my good friend the calender¹
Will lend his horse to go.’

Quoth Mrs Gilpin—‘ That’s well said ;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish’d with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.’

John Gilpin kiss’d his loving wife ;
O’erjoy’d was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow’d
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay’d,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin !

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

¹ A cloth-finisher.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs—
'The wine is left behind !'

'Good lack !' quoth he, 'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed !

But, finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, ' Fair and softly,' John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig !—
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig !

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till, loops and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung;
 A bottle swinging at each side
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd;
 Up flew the windows all;
 And every soul cried out—'Well done!'
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
 His fame soon spread around—
 'He carries weight! he rides a race!
 'Tis for a thousand pound!'

And still, as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view
 How in a trice the turnpike-men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down,
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd ;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

' Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! — Here's the
house !'
They all at once did cry ;
' The dinner waits, and we are tired !'
Said Gilpin—' So am I !'

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there ;
For why ?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him—

‘What news? what news? Your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all.’

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke—

‘I came because your horse would come
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road!’

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and, in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit—
‘My head is twice as big as your’s,
They therefore needs must fit.’

‘But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And also stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.’

Said John—‘It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware !’

So, turning to his horse, he said—
‘I am in haste to dine ;
’Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.’

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop’d off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin’s hat and wig !
He lost them sooner than at first—
For why ?—they were too big !

Now, Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband pelting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell—
'This shall be your's when you bring back
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels!—
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry—

'Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute,
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space ;
 The toll-men thinking, as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did—and won it too !—
 For he got first to town ;
 Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing—Long live the king,
 And Gilpin long live he ;
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see !

William Cowper.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER ¹

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

‘NEEDY Knife-grinder ! whither art you going ?
 Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
 Bleak blows the blast ;—your hat has got a
 hole in’t,

So have your breeches !

‘Weary Knife-grinder ! little think the proud
 ones

Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 Road, what hard work ’tis crying all the day
 “ Knives and

Scissors to grind O ! ”

¹ From the *Anti - Jacobin*. Written to ridicule
 Southey’s sapphics.

‘ Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind
knives ?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?

Was it the Squire ? or Parson of the Parish ?

Or the Attorney ?

‘ Was it the Squire for killing of his game ? or

Covetous Parson, for his Tithes distraining ?

Or roguish Lawyer, made you lose your little

All in a law suit ?

(‘ Have you not read the Rights of Man, by
Tom Paine ?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids

Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your

Pitiful story.’

KNIFE-GRINDER.

‘ Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir,

Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,

This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were

Torn in a scuffle.

‘ Constables came up for to take me into

Custody ; they took me before the justice ;

Justice Oldmixon put me in the Parish-

Stocks for a vagrant.

‘ I should be glad to drink your Honour’s health in

A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;

But for my part, I never love to meddle

With Politics, sir.’

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

‘I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn’d
first !

Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
vengeance—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !’

*(Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel,
and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and
universal philanthropy).*

George Canning.

NORA'S VOW

HEAR what Highland Nora said,—

‘The Earlie’s son I will not wed,

Should all the race of Nature die,

And none be left but he and I.

For all the gold, for all the gear,

And all the lands both far and near,

That ever valour lost and won,

I would not wed the Earlie’s son.’

‘A maiden’s vows,’ old Callum spoke,

‘Are lightly made and lightly broke.

The heather on the mountain’s height

Begins to bloom in purple light ;

The frost-wind soon shall sweep away

That lustre deep from glen and brae ;

Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,

May blithely wed the Earlie’s son.’

‘The swan,’ she said, ‘the lake’s clear breast
 May barter for the eagle’s nest;
 The Awe’s fierce stream may backward turn,
 Ben Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn;
 Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
 Before their foes may turn and fly;
 But I, were all these marvels done,
 Would never wed the Earlie’s son.’

Still in the water-lily’s shade
 Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
 Ben Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
 Still downward foams the Awe’s fierce river;
 To shun the clash of foeman’s steel,
 No Highland brogue has turn’d the heel;
 But Nora’s heart is lost and won,
 —She’s wedded to the Earlie’s son!

Sir Walter Scott.

DELIA’S POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF

’Tis mine! What accents can my joy declare?
 Blest be the pressure of the thronging rout!
 Blest be the hand so hasty of my fair,
 That left the *tempting corner* hanging out!

I envy not the joy the pilgrim feels,
 After long travel to some distant shrine,
 When at the relic of his saint he kneels,
 For Delia’s POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF IS MINE.

When first with *flching fingers* I drew near,
 Keen hopes shot tremulous through every vein;
 And when the *finished deed* removed my fear,
 Scarce could my bounding heart its joy contain.

What though the EIGHTH COMMANDMENT rose to
mind,

It only served a moment's qualm to move;
For thefts like this it could not be designed—

The *Eighth Commandment* WAS NOT MADE FOR
LOVE!

Here, when she took the macaroons from me,
She wiped her mouth to clear the crumbs so
sweet!

Dear napkin! Yes; she wiped her lips on thee!
Lips *sweeter* than the *macaroons* she eat.

And when she took that pinch of Moccabaw,
That made my love so *delicately* sneeze,
Thee to her Roman nose applied I saw,
And thou art doubly dear for things like these.

No washerwoman's filthy hand shall e'er,
SWEET POCKET - HANDKERCHIEF! thy worth
profane;

For thou hast touch'd the *rubies* of my fair,
And I will kiss thee o'er and o'er again.

Robert Southey.

TO FANNY

NEVER mind how the pedagogue prosers,
You want not antiquity's stamp,
The lips that's so scented by roses
Oh! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Chloe, whose withering kisses
Have long set the loves at defiance,
Now done with the science of blisses,
May fly to the blisses of Science!

Young Sappho, for want of employments,
 Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
 Condemn'd but to read of enjoyments,
 Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books—
 Oh, Fanny! they're pitiful sages;
 Who could not, in *one* of your looks
 Read more than in millions of pages!

Astronomy finds in your eye
 Better light than she studies above,
 And music must borrow your sigh
 As the melody dearest to love.

In ethics 'tis you that can check
 In a minute their doubts and their quarrels;
 Oh! show but that mole on your neck,
 And 'twill soon put an end to their morals.

Your arithmetic only can trip
 When to kiss and to count you endeavour;
 But eloquence glows on your lips
 When you swear that you'll love me for ever

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance,
 Of arts is assembled in you—
 A course of more exquisite science
 Man never need wish to go through.

And oh! if a fellow like me
 May confer a diploma of hearts,
 With my lips thus I seal your degree,
 My divine little Mistress of Arts!

Thomas Moore.

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS

ABOUT fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,
That plan was commenced which the wise now
applaud,

Of skipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,
As good raw materials for *settlers*, abroad.

Some West Indian Island, whose name I forget,
Was the region then chosen for this scheme so
romantic;

And such the success the first colony met,
That a second, soon after, set sail o'er the Atlantic.

Behold them now safe on the long-look'd for shore,
Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might
greet,

And thinking of friends whom, but two years
before,

They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon
again meet.

And hark! from the shore a glad welcome there
came—

‘Arrah, Paddy from Cork; is it you, my sweet
boy?’

While Pat stood astounded to hear his own name
Thus hailed by black devils, who caper'd for joy!

Can it possibly be?—half amazement—half doubt,
Pat listens again—rubs his eyes and looks steady;

Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,
‘Good Lord! only think—black and curly
already!’

Deceived by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears,
 Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed
 figures,
 And thought, what a climate, in less than two
 years
 To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers !

MORAL

'Tis thus,—but alas ! by a marvel more true
 Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories,
 Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,
 By a *lusus nature*, all turn into Tories.

And thus, when I hear them 'strong measures'
 advise,
 Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get
 steady,
 I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,
 'Good Lord !—only think,—black and curly
 already !'

Thomas Moore.

WORK

Who first invented Work, and bound the free
 And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
 To the ever-haunting importunity
 Of business in the green fields, and the town—
 To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh ! most
 sad,
 To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood ?
 Who but the Being unblest, alien from good,

Sabbathless Satan ! he who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotary burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel—
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel—
In that red realm from which are no returnings :
Where toiling, and turmoiling, ever and aye,
He, and his thoughts, keep pensive working-day.
Charles Lamb.

THE JILTED NYMPH

I'M jilted, forsaken, outwitted ;
Yet think not I'll whimper or brawl—
The lass is alone to be pitied
Who ne'er has been courted at all :
Never by great or small
Woo'd or jilted at all ;
Oh, how unhappy's the lass
Who has never been courted at all !

My brother call'd out the dear faithless,
In fits I was ready to fall,
Till I found a policeman who, scathless,
Swore them both to the peace at Guildhall ;
Seized them, seconds and all—
Pistols, powder and ball ;
I wish'd him to die, my devoted,
But not in a duel to sprawl.

What though at my heart he has tilted,
What though I have met with a fall ?
Better be courted and jilted,
Than never be courted at all.

Woo'd and jilted and all,
Still I will dance at the ball;
And waltz and quadrille
With light heart and heel,
With proper young men, and tall.

But lately I've met with a suitor,
Whose heart I have gotten in thrall,
And I hope soon to tell you in future
That I'm woo'd and married and all :
Woo'd and married and all,
What greater bliss can befall ?
And you all shall partake of my bridal cake
When I'm woo'd and married and all.

Thomas Campbell.

PIEVANO ARLOTTO

' I WILL invite that merry priest
Arlotto for to-morrow's feast,'
Another, quite as merry, said,
' And you shall see his fun repaid.
When dinner's on the board, we'll draw
(Each of the company) a straw :
The shortest straw shall tap the wine
In cellar, while the others dine :
And now I'll show how we'll contrive
He draws the shortest of the five.'

They learn their lesson : there are few
Good priests (where eating goes) but do,
From Helgabalus ending with
Humour's pink primate Sydney Smith.

Such food more suits them, truth to speak,
Than heavy joints of tough-grain'd Greek.

Well; all are seated

‘Where’s our Chianti?’

Cries one; ‘without it feasts are scanty.

We will draw lots then, who shall go

And fill the bottles from below.’

They drew. Arlotto saw their glee,

And nought discomfited was he.

Down-stairs he went: he brought up two,

And saw his friends (as friends should do)

Enjoying their repast, and then

For the three others went again.

Although there was no long delay,

Dish after dish had waned away.

Minestra, liver fried, and raw

Delicious ham, had plumpt the maw.

Polpetti, roll’d in anise, here

Show their fat sides and disappear.

Salame, too, half mules, half pigs,

Moisten’d with black and yellow figs;

And macaroni by the ell

From high-uplifted fingers fell.

Garlic and oil and cheese unite

Their concert on the appetite,

Breathing an odour which alone

The laic world might dine upon.

But never think that nought remains

To recompense Arlotto’s pains.

There surely was the nicest pie

That ever met Pievano’s eye.

Full fifty toes of ducks and geese,

Heads, gizzards, windpipes, soaked in grease
Were in that pie; and thereupon
Sugar and salt and cinnamon;
Kid which, while living, any goat
Might look at twice and never know't;
A quarter of grill'd turkey scored
And lean as a backgammon board;
And dark as Saint Bartholomew,
And quite as perfectly done through.
Birds that, two minutes since, were quails,
And a stupendous stew of snails.
'Brother Arlotto!' said the host,
'There's yet a little of our roast.
Brother Arlotto! never spare.'
Arlotto gaily took his chair
And readily fell to: but soon
He struck the table with a spoon,
Exclaiming 'Brother! let us now
Draw straws again. Who runs below
To stop the casks? for very soon
Little is there within, or none.'
Far flies the napkin, and our host
Is down the cellar stairs.

'All lost!'

Santa Maria! The Devil's own trick!
Scoffer! blasphemer! heretic!
Broaching—by all the Saints—five casks
Only to fill as many flasks!
Methinks the trouble had been small
To have replaced the plugs in all.'
Arlotto heard and answered, 'You
Forgot to tell me what to do.
But let us say no more, because

We should not quarrel about straws.
 If you must play your pranks, at least
 Don't play 'em with a brother priest.'

Walter Savage Landor.

A TALE OF DRURY LANE¹

By W. S.²

THE NIGHT.

ON fair Augusta's³ towers and trees
 Flitted the silent midnight breeze,
 Curling the foliage as it past,
 Which from the moon-tipp'd plumage cast
 A spangled light, like dancing spray,
 Then re-assumed its still array;
 When, as night's lamp unclouded hung,
 And down its full effulgence flung,
 It shed such soft and balmy power
 That cot and castle, hall and bower,
 And spire and dome, and turret height,
 Appeared to slumber in the light.
 From Henry's chapel, Rufus' hall,
 To Savoy, Temple, and St Paul;
 From Knightsbridge, Pancras, Camden Town,
 To Redriffe, Shadwell, Horsleydown,
 No voice was heard, no eye unclosed,
 But all in deepest sleep reposed.
 They might have thought, who gazed around,

¹ From "Rejected Addresses."

² Sir Walter Scott, who said of this parody, "I must certainly have written it myself."

³ The old Roman name of London.

Amid a silence so profound,
It made the senses thrill,
That 'twas no place inhabited,
But some vast city of the dead,
All was so hushed and still.

THE BURNING.

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise
When light first flash'd upon her eyes :
So London's sons in nightcap woke,
In bedgown woke her dames ;
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
'The playhouse is in flames !'

And lo ! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends
To every window-pane ;
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport
A bright ensanguin'd drain ;

Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell ;
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The Ticket Porters' House of Call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's Hotel,

Nor these alone, but far and wide,
Across red Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields, the blaze was borne,
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrow'd lustre seem to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise,
It seemed that nations did conspire,
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice !

The summon'd firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all :
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his pond'rous hobnailed shoes.
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,
His nether bulk embraced ;
Then jacket thick of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulders gave to view
The badge of each respective crew
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thunder'd through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet,
Along the pavement paced.

And one, the leader of the band,
From Charing Cross along the Strand,
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
The burning badge his shoulder bore,

The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
The cane he had, his men to bang,
Show'd Foreman of the British gang.
His name was Higginbottom; now
'Tis meet that I should tell you how,

The others came in view :

The Sun, the London, and the Rock,
The Pelican, which nought can shock,
Th' Exchange, where old insurers flock,
The Eagle, where the new ;

With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,

Crump from St Giles's Pound :

Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain

Before the plug was found.

Scroggins and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah ! no trophy could they reap,
For both were in the Donjon Keep
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound.

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed ;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo ' Heads below ? '

Nor notice give at all :

The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.

Back, Robins, back, Crumps, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For lo! the blazing, rocking roof
Down, down, in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around in pitchy shroud,
Conceal'd them from the astonish'd crowd.
At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
When lo! amid the wreck uprear'd,
Gradual a moving head appear'd,

And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name rever'd,
The foreman of their crew.

Loud shouted all in sign of woe,
'A Muggins! to the rescue ho!'

And poured the hissing tide;
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain
For, rallying but to fall again

He totter'd, sunk, and died!

Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?

Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire),

His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire
Served but to share his grave!

'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.

But sulphry stench and boiling drench
 Destroying sight o'erwhelmed him quite,
 He sunk to rise no more.
 Still o'er his head, while fate he braved,
 His whizzing water-pipe he waved !
 'Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
 You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
 Why are you in such dôleful dumps ?
 A fireman, and afraid of bumps !—
 What are they fear'd on ? fools ! 'od rot 'em !'
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.

Horace Smith.

CUI BONO ¹

By Lord B.²

SATED with home, of wife, of children tired,
 The restless soul is driven abroad to roam ;
 Sated abroad, all seen, yet not admired,
 The restless soul is driven to ramble home ;
 Sated with both, beneath new Drury's dome
 The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,
 There growls, and curses, like a deadly Gnome
 Scorning to view fantastic Columbine,
 Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense of the
 Nine.

Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way
 To gaze on dupes who meet an equal doom,
 Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
 Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,

¹ From *Rejected Addresses*. The first stanza by James Smith, the others by Horace.

² Lord Byron.

What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?
Woe's nie! the brightest wreaths she ever gave
Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb.
Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which they
wave,
Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

Has life so little store of real woes,
That here ye wend to taste fictitious grief?
Or is it that from truth such anguish flows,
Ye court the lying drama for relief?
Long shall ye find the pang, the respite brief;
Or if one tolerable page appears
In folly's volume, 'tis the actor's leaf,
Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,
And, raising present mirth, makes glad his future
years.

Albeit, how like young Betty doth he flee!
Light as the mote that danceth in the beam,
He liveth only in man's present e'e;
His life a flash, his memory a dream,
Oblivious down he drops in Lethe's stream:
Yet what are they, the learned and the great;
Awhile of longer wonderment the theme!
Who shall presume to prophesy *their* date,
Where nought is certain, save the uncertainty of
fate?

This goodly pile, upheaved by Wyatt's toil,
Perchance than Holland's edifice more fleet,
Again red Lemnos' artisan may spoil;
The fire-alarm, and midnight drum may beat,
And all bestrewed sink smoking at your feet!

Start ye? perchance Death's angel may be sent,
Ere from the flaming temple ye retreat;
And ye who met, on revel idlesse bent,
May find, in pleasure's fane, your grave and
monument.

Your debts mount high—ye plunge in deeper
waste;
The plaintiff calls¹—no warning voice ye hear;
The plaintiff sues—to public show ye haste;
The bailiff threatens—ye feel no idle fear.
Who can arrest your prodigal career?
Who can keep down the levity of youth?
What sound can startle age's stubborn ear?
Who can redeem from wretchedness and ruth
Men true to falsehood's voice, false to the voice
of truth?

To thee, blest saint! who doffed thy skin to
make
The Smithfield rabble leap from theirs with joy,
We dedicate the pile—arise! awake!
Knock down the Muses, wit and sense destroy,
Clear our new stage from reason's dull alloy,
Charm hobbling age, and tickle capering youth
With cleaver, marrow, bone, and Tunbridge
toy;
While, vibrating in unbelieving tooth,
Harps twang in Drury's walls, and make her
boards a booth.

For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?
And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl?

¹ *v.l.* in later editions: 'the tradesman duns.'

And what is Rolla? Cupid steeped in starch,
 Orlando's helmet in Augustine's cowl.
 Shakespeare, how true thine adage, 'fair is
 foul'!

To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
 The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
 Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
 And nought is everything, and everything is
 nought.

Sons of Parnassus! whom I view above,
 Not laurel-crowned, but clad in rusty black;
 Not spurring Pegasus through Tempe's grove,
 But pacing Grub-street on a jaded hack;
 What reams of foolscap, while your brains ye
 rack,

Ye mar to make again! for sure, ere long,
 Condemn'd to tread the bard's time sanction'd
 track,

Ye all shall wail in poverty your wrong,
 And reproduce, in rags, the rags ye blot in song.

So fares the bard who sings in fashion's train;
 He toils to starve, and only lives in death;
 We slight him, till our patronage is vain,
 Then round his skeleton wind laurel wreaths,
 And o'er his bones a balmy requiem breathe—
 Oh! with what tragic horror would he start,
 (Could he be conjur'd from the grave beneath)

To find the stage again a Thespian cart,
 And elephants and colts down trampling Shakes-
 peare's art.

Hence pedant Nature! with thy Grecian rules!
 Centaurs (not fabulous) those rules efface;

Back, sister Muses, to your native schools ;
 Here booted grooms usurp Apollo's place,
 Hoofs shame the boards that Garrick used to
 grace,
 The play of limbs succeeds the play of wit,
 Man yields the drama to the Hou'ynim race,
 His prompter spurs, his licenser the bit,
 The stage a four-in-hand, a jockey-club the pit.

Is it for these ye rear this proud abode ?
 Is it for these your superstition seeks
 To build a temple worthy of a god,
 To laud a monkey, or to worship leeks !
 Then be the stage, to recompense your freaks,
 A motley chaos, jumbling age and ranks,
 Where Punch, the lignum-vitæ Roscius, squeaks,
 And Wisdom weeps, and Folly plays his pranks,
 And moody Madness laughs, and hugs the chains
 he clanks.

James and Horace Smith.

THE BABY'S DÉBUT¹

By W. W.²

(Spoken in the Character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.)

My brother Jack was nine in May,
 And I was eight on New-year's day ;
 So in Kate Wilson's shop

¹ From *Rejected Addresses*.

² William Wordsworth.

Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,—
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out my doll, and O, my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg
And tie it to his peg's-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite:
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, 'O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt.
No Drury-Lane for you to-day!'
And while papa said 'Pooh, she may!'
Mamma said, 'No she sha'n't!'

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.

I saw them go : one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville
Stood in the lumber-room :
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopp'd it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes,
(I always talk to Sam :)
So what does he, but takes, and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall and not so thick,
As these ; and, goodness me !
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good.
As those that now I see.

What a large floor ! 'tis like a town !
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound ;
And there's a row of lamps ! My eye !
How they do blaze ! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away ; but Mr Thing-
Um-bob, the prompter man,

Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
 And said, 'Go on, my pretty love ;
 Speak to 'em, little Nan.

'You've only got to curtsey, whisper,
 hold your chin up, laugh, and lisp,
 And then you're sure to take :
 I've known the day when brats not quite
 Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night ;
 Then why not Nancy Lake ?'

But while I'm speaking, where's papa ?
 And where's my aunt ? and where's mamma ?
 Where's Jack ? O, there they sit !
 They smile, they nod ; I'll go my ways,
 And order round poor Billy's chaise,
 To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
 To join mamma, and see the show ;
 So, bidding you adieu,
 I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
 And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
 I'll blow a kiss to you.

(Blows a kiss and exit.)

James Smith.

DAYLIGHT DINNERS

WHEN Summer's smiles rejoice the plains,
 And deck the vale with flowers ;
 And blushing nymphs and gentle swains
 With love beguile the hours ;

Oh then conceive the ills that mock'd shall bring,
The well-dress'd London sinner in a
Invited, just at seven o'clock
To join a 'daylight dinner.'

The sun, no trees the eyes to shade,
Glares full into the windows,
And scorches widow, wife and maid
Just as it does the Hindoos;
One's shoes look brown, one's black looks grey,
One's legs, if thin, look thinner;
There's nothing equals in its way
A London daylight dinner.

The cloth seems blue, the plates like lead,
The faded carpet dirty,
Grey hairs peep out from each dark head,
And twenty looks like thirty.
You sit beside an heiress gay
And do your best to win her;
But oh! what can one do or say
If 'tis a daylight dinner?

A lovely dame, just forty-one,
At night a charming creature,
My praise unqualified had won,
In figure, form, and feature.
That she was born, without a doubt,
Before the days of Jenner,
By sitting next her, I found out,
Once at a daylight dinner.
Freckles, and moles, and holes, and spots,
The envious sun discloses,

And little bumps, and little dots,
On chin, and cheeks and noses.
Last Monday, Kate, when next me placed
(A most determined grinner),
Betrayed four teeth of mineral paste
Eating a daylight dinner.

Theodore Hook.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO ABYDOS¹

If, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont,

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loath,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus, how I pity both!

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for glory;

¹ On May 3rd, 1810.

'Twas hard to say who fared the best :
 Sad mortals ! thus the Gods still plague you !
 He lost his labour, I my jest ;
 For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.
Lord Byron.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS¹

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair,
 Bishop and abbot, and prior were there ;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
 With a great many more of lesser degree,—
 In sooth a goodly company ;
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
 Never I ween
 Was a prouder seen,
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !

In and out through the motley rout,
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;
 Here and there like a dog in a fair,
 Over comfits and cakes,
 And dishes and plates,
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
 Mitre and crosier ! he hopp'd upon all !
 With saucy air he perch'd on the chair
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;
 And he peer'd in the face
 Of his Lordship's grace,

¹ From the *Ingoldsby Legends*.

With a satisfied 'look,' as if he would say,
 'We two are the greatest folks here to-day !'
 And the priests, with awe, as such freaks they saw,
 Said, 'The devil must be in that little Jackdaw !'
 The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
 The flaws and the custards had all disappear'd,
 And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls !
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
 Came, in order due, two by two,
 Marching that grand refectory through !

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
 Emboss'd and filled with water, as pure
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
 Carried lavender-water and Eau de Cologne ;
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more
 A napkin bore,
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
 And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in 'permanent ink.'

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
 Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white :
 From his finger he draws his costly turquoise
 And, not thinking at all about little jackdaws,
 Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

There's a cry and a shout, and a deuce of a rout,
 And nobody seems to know what they're about,
 But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside
 out ;

The friars are kneeling, and hunting, and feeling
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the
 ceiling.

The Cardinal drew off each plum-colour'd shoe,
 And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;

He peeps and he feels,
 In the toes and the heels ;

They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the
 plates,—

They take up the poker and poke out the grates,—

They turn up the rugs,

They examine the mugs :—

But, no !—no such thing ;—

They can't find THE RING !

And the Abbot declared that 'when nobody
 twigg'd it,

Some rascal or other had popp'd in and prigg'd it !'

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,

He called for his candle, his bell, and his book !

In holy anger, and pious grief,

He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !

He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;

From the sole of his foot to the crown of his
 head ;

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night

He should dream of the devil, and wake in a
 fright ;

He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in
 drinking,

He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in
winking ;

He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;

He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,

He cursed him in living, he cursed him in
dying!—

Never was heard such a terrible curse !

But what gave rise

To no little surprise,

Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !

The day was gone, the night came on,

The Monks and the Friars they search'd till
dawn ;

When the Sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,

Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw ;

No longer gay, as on yesterday ;

His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong
way ;—

His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—

His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;

His eyes so dim, so wasted each limb,

That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, ' THAT'S
HIM ! '—

' That's the scamp that has done this scandalous
thing !

That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's
ring ! '

The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he
saw,

Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;

And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,

' Pray, be so good as to walk this way ! '

Slower and slower, he limp'd on before,
 Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
 Where the first thing they saw, 'midst the sticks
 and the straw,
 Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
 And off that terrible curse he took;

 The mute expression
 Served in lieu of confession,

And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
 The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!—

When those words were heard, that poor little
 bird

Was so chang'd in a moment, 'twas really absurd.
 He grew sleek, and fat; in addition to that,
 A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

 His tail waggled more
 Even than before;

But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
 No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.

He hopp'd now about with a gait devout;

At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;

And, so far from any more pilfering deeds

He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.

If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—

Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happened to
 snore,

 That good Jackdaw

 Would give a great 'Caw,'

As much as to say, 'Don't do so any more!'

While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,

That they 'never had known such a pious Jack-
daw !'

He long lived the pride of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died ;

When, as words were too faint, his merits to
paint,

The Conclave determined to make him a Saint !
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you
know,

It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow !

R. H. Barham.

MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER PRECIOUS LEG

HER CHRISTENING.¹

THOUGH Shakespeare asks us, 'What's in a
Name ?'

(As if cognomens were much the same)

There's really a very great scope in it.

A name ? why, wasn't there Doctor Dodd,

That servant at once of Mammon and God,

Who found four thousand pounds and odd,

A prison—a cart—and a rope in it ?

A name ?—if the party had a voice,

What mortal would be a Bugg by choice ?

As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice ?

Or any such nauseous blazon ?

¹ One of the eighteen sections into which this piece is divided.

Not to mention many a vulgar name,
That would make a door-plate blush for shame,

If door-plates were not so brazen!

A name?—it has more than nominal worth,
And belongs to good or bad luck at birth—

As dames of a certain degré know.

In spite of his page's hat and hose,
His page's jacket and buttons in rows

Bob only sounds like a page in prose

Till turned into Rupertino.

Now to christen the infant Kilmansegg,
For days and days it was quite a plague

To hunt the list in the Lexicon :

And scores were tried, like coin, by the ring,

Ere names were found just the proper thing

For a minor rich as a Mexican.

Then cards were sent the presence to beg
Of all the kin of Kilmansegg,

White, yellow, and brown relations :

Brothers, Wardens of City Halls,

And Uncles—rich as three Golden Balls

From taking pledges of nations.

Nephews, whom Fortune seem'd to bewitch,

Rising in life like rockets—

Nieces, whose doweries knew no hitch—

Aunts, as certain of dying rich—

As candles in golden sockets—

Cousins German and Cousins' sons,

All thriving and opulent—some had tons

Of Kentish hops in their pockets!

For money had stuck to the race through life
(As it did to the bushel when cash so rife
Posed Ali Baba's brother's wife)—

And down to the cousins and coz-lings,
The fortunate brood of the Kilmanseggs,
As if they had come out of golden eggs,
Were all as wealthy as 'Goslings.'

It would fill a Court Gazette to name
What East and West End people came

To the rite of Christianity :
The lofty Lord, and the titled Dame,
All di'monds, plumes, and urbanity :
His Lordship the May'r with his golden chain,
And two Gold Sticks, and the Sheriffs twain,
Nine foreign Counts and other great men
With their orders and stars, to help 'M. or N.'
To renounce all pomp and vanity.

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg
The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,

And need an elaborate sonnet ;
How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirr'd,
And her head niddle-nodded at every word,
And seem'd so happy, a Paradise Bird
Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the Father strutted and bow'd,
And smiled to himself, and laugh'd aloud,

To think of his heiress and daughter—
And then in his pockets he made a grope,
And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water.

He had roll'd in money like pigs in mud,
Till it seem'd to have enter'd into his blood—

By some occult projection :
And his cheeks instead of a healthy hue
As yellow as any guinea grew,
Making the common phrase seem true,
About a rich complexion,

And now came the nurse, and during a pause
Her dead-leaf satin would fitly cause

A very autumnal rustle—
So full of figure, so full of fuss
As she carried about the babe to buss
She seem'd to be nothing but bustle.

A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa,
An Indian Begum was Godmama,
Whose jewels a Queen might covet—
And the Priest was a Vicar, and Dean withal
Of that Temple we see with a Golden Ball,
And a Golden Cross above it.

The Font was a bowl of American gold,
Won by Raleigh in days of old,
In spite of Spanish bravado ;
And the Book of Pray'r was so overrun
With gilt devices, it shone in the sun
Like a copy—a presentation one—
Of Humboldt's 'El Dorado.'

Gold ! and gold ! and nothing but gold !
The same auriferous shine behold
Wherever the eye could settle !
On the walls—the sideboard—the ceiling-sky—

On the gorgeous footmen standing by,
In coats to delight a miner's eye
With seams of the precious metal.

Gold! and gold! and besides the gold,
The very robe of the infant told
A tale of wealth in every fold,
It lapp'd her like a vapour!
So fine! so thin! the mind at a loss
Could compare it to nothing except a cross
Of cobweb with bank-note paper.

Then her pearls—'twas a perfect sight, forsooth,
To see them, like 'the dew of her youth,'
In such a plentiful sprinkle.
Meanwhile, the Vicar read through the form,
And gave her another, not overwarm,
That made her little eyes twinkle.

Then the babe was cross'd and bless'd amain!
But instead of the Kate, or Ann, or Jane,
Which the humble female endorses—
Instead of one name, as some people prefix,
Kilmansegg went at the tails of six
Like a carriage of state with its horses.

Oh, then the kisses she got and hugs!
The golden mugs and the golden jugs
That lent fresh rays to the midges!
The golden knives, and the golden spoons,
The gems that sparkled like fairy boons,
It was one of the Kilmansegg's own saloons,
But looked like Rundell and Bridge's!

Gold! and gold! the new and the old,
 The company ate and drank from gold,
 They revell'd, they sang, and were merry;
 And one of the Gold Sticks rose from his chair,
 And toasted 'the Lass with the golden hair'
 In a bumper of golden sherry.

Gold! still gold! it rain'd on the nurse,
 Who—unlike Danæ—was none the worse!
 There was nothing but guineas glistening!
 Fifty were given to Doctor James,
 For calling the little baby names,
 And for saying, Amen!
 The Clerk had ten,
 And that was the end of the Christening.
T. Hood.

THE PROGRESS OF ART

O HAPPY time! Art's early days!
 When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise
 Narcissus-like I hung!
 When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
 And such old masters all were deem'd
 As nothing to the young!)

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few,
 So easily and swift I drew,
 Suffic'd for my design;
 My sketchy, superficial hand,
 Drew solids at a dash—and spann'd
 A surface with a line.

Not long my eye was thus content,
But grew more critical—my bent
Essay'd a higher walk ;
I copied leaden eyes in lead—
Rheumatic hands in white and red,
And gouty feet—in chalk.

Anon my studious art for days
Kept making faces—happy phrase,
For faces such as mine !
Accomplish'd in the details then
I left the minor parts of men
And drew the form divine.

Old Gods and Heroes—Trojan—Greek
Figures—long after the antique,
Great Ajax justly fear'd ;
Hectors, of whom at night I dreamt,
And Nestor, fringed enough to tempt
Bird-nesters to his beard.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
A Pallas, that outstared her owl,
A Vulcan—very lame ;
A Dian stuck about with stars,
With my right hand I murder'd Mars
(One Williams did the same.)

But tired of this dry work at last
Crayon and chalk aside I cast,
And gave my brush a drink !
Dipping—'as when a painter dips
In gloom of earthquake and eclipse'—
That is—in Indian ink.

Oh then, what black Mont Blancs arose
Crested with soot, and not with snows !

What clouds of dingy hue !
In spite of what the bard has penn'd,
I fear the distance did not 'lend'
Enchantment to the view !

Not Radclyffe's brush did e'er design
Black Forests, half as black as mine,
Or lakes so like a pall ;
The Chinese cake dispers'd a ray
Of darkness, like the light of Day
And Martin over all.

Yet urchin pride sustain'd me still,
I gaz'd on all with right good will,
And spread the dingy tint ;
'No holy Luke help'd me to paint,
The devil surely, not a saint,
Had any finger in't !

But colours came !—like morning light,
With gorgeous hues displacing night,
Or Spring's enliven'd scene :
At once the sable shades withdrew,
My skies got very, very blue ;
My trees extremely green.

And wash'd by my cosmetic brush,
How Beauty's cheek began to blush
With lock of auburn stain—
(Not Goldsmith's auburn)—nut-brown hair,
That made her loveliest of the fair,
Not 'loveliest of the plain !'

Her lips were of vermillion hue;
Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue
Set all my heart in flame!
A young Pygmalion, I ador'd
The maids I made—but time was stor'd
With evil—and it came!

Perspective dawn'd—and soon I saw
My houses stand against its law;
And 'keeping' all unkept!
My beauties were no longer things
For love and fond imaginings;
But horrors to be wept!

Ah! why did knowledge ope my eyes?
Why did I get more artist-wise?
It only serves to hint
What grave defects and wants are mine;
That I'm no Hilton in design—
In nature no Dewint!

Thrice happy time!—Art's early days!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd
And such Old Masters all were deem'd
As nothing to the young!

T. Hood.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN¹

An Old Ballad.

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew,
And Sally she did faint away,
While Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

'Come, girl,' said he, 'hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be.'

So when they'd made their game of her
And taken off her elf,
She rous'd and found she only was
A coming to herself.

'And is he gone, and is he gone?'
She cried, and wept outright:
'Then I will to the water side
And see him out of sight.'

¹ Hood wrote that he was prouder of this ballad than of any other of his works.

A waterman came up to her,—
‘Now young woman,’ said he,
‘If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea.’

‘Alas! they’ve taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow’;
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she’d said, Gee woe!

Says he, ‘They’ve only taken him
To the Tender-ship, you see’;
‘The Tender-ship,’ cried Sally Brown,
‘What a hardship that must be!’

‘Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I’d follow him;
But oh! I’m not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.’

‘Alas! I was not born beneath
The virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales.’

Now Ben had sail’d to many a place
That’s underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furl’d.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she’d got another Ben
Whose Christian name was John.

'O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so? on road I
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heav'd a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing 'All's well,'
But could not though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

T. Hood.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE¹

An Election Ballad.

As I sate down to breakfast in state,
At my living of Tithing-cum-Borin,
With Betty beside me to wait
Came a rap that almost beat the door in.
I laid down my basin of tea,
And Betty ceased spreading the toast,
'As sure as a gun, sir,' said she,
'That must be the knock of the post.'

¹ Written in 1827. Two stanzas are omitted.

A letter—and free—bring it here—

I have no correspondent who franks.

No! Yes! Can it be? Why, my dear,

'Tis our glorious, our Protestant Bankes.

'Dear sir, as I know you desire

That the Church should receive due protection,
I humbly presume to require

Your aid at the Cambridge election.

'It has lately been brought to my knowledge,

That the Ministers fully design

To suppress each cathedral and college,

And eject every learned divine.

To assist this detestable scheme

Three nuncios from Rome are come over ;

They left Calais on Monday by steam,

And landed to dinner at Dover.

'An army of grim Cordeliers,

Well furnished with relics and vermin,

Will follow, Lord Westmoreland fears,

To effect what their chiefs may determine.

Lollard's bower, good authorities say,

Is again fitting up for a prison ;

And a wood-merchant told me to-day

'Tis a wonder how faggots have risen.

'The finance scheme of Canning contains

A new Easter-offering tax ;

And he means to devote all the gains

To a bounty on thumb-screws and racks.

Your living, so neat and compact—

Pray, don't let the news give you pain!—

Is promised, I know for a fact,

To an olive-faced Padre from Spain.'

I read, and I felt my heart bleed,
Sore wounded with horror and pity;
So I flew, with all possible speed,
To our Protestant champion's committee.
True gentlemen, kind and well-bred!
No fleeing! no distance! no scorn!
They asked after my wife, who is dead,
And my children, who never were born.

They then, like high-principled Tories,
Called our sovereign unjust and unsteady,
And assailed him with scandalous stories,
Till the coach for the voters was ready.
That coach might be well called a casket
Of learning and brotherly love;
There were parsons in boot and in basket;
There were parsons below and above.

A layman can scarce form a notion
Of our wonderful talk on the road;
Of the learning, the wit, and devotion
Which almost each syllable showed:
Why divided allegiance agrees
So ill with our free constitution;
How Catholics swear as they please,
In hope of the priest's absolution;
How the Bishop of Norwich had bartered
His faith for a legate's commission;
How Lyndhurst, afraid to be martyr'd,
Had stooped to a base coalition;
How Papists are cased from compassion
By bigotry, stronger than steel;
How burning would soon come in fashion,
And how very bad it must feel.

We were all so much touched and excited
 By a subject so direly sublime,
 That the rules of politeness were slighted
 And we all of us talked at a time;
 And in tones which each moment grew louder,
 Told how we should dress for the show,
 And where we should fasten the powder,
 And if we should bellow or no.

Thus from subject to subject we ran,
 And the journey passed pleasantly o'er,
 Till at last Dr Humdrum began;
 From that time I remember no more.
 At Ware he commenced his prelection,
 In the dullest of clerical drones;
 And when next I regained recollection
 We were rumbling o'er Trumpington stones.
Lord Macaulay.

GOOD-NIGHT TO THE SEASON

GOOD-NIGHT to the Season! 'Tis over!
 Gay dwellings no longer are gay;
 The courtier, the gambler, the lover,
 Are scattered like swallows away;
 There's nobody left to invite one
 Except my good uncle and spouse;
 My mistress is bathing at Brighton,
 My patron is sailing at Cowes:
 For want of a better employment,
 Till Ponto and Don can get out,
 I'll cultivate rural enjoyment
 And angle immensely for trout,

Good-night to the Season!—the lobbies,
Their changes and rumours of change,
Which startled the rustic Sir Bobbies,
And made all the Bishops look strange;
The breaches, and battles, and blunders,
Performed by the Commons and Peers;
The Marquis's eloquent thunders,
The Baronet's eloquent ears;
Denouncing of Papists and treasons,
Of foreign dominion and oats;
Misrepresentations of reasons
And misunderstandings of notes.

Good-night to the Season!—the buildings
Enough to make Inigo sick;
The paintings, and plasterings, and gildings
Of stucco, and marble, and brick;
The orders deliciously blended,
From love of effect, into one;
The club-houses only intended,
The palaces only begun;
The hell, where the fiend in his glory
Sits staring at putty and stones,
And scrambles from story to story,
To rattle at midnight his bones.

Good-night to the Season!—the dances,
The fillings of hot little rooms,
The glancings of rapturous glances,
The fancyings of fancy costumes;
The pleasures which fashion makes duties,
The praisings of fiddles and flutes,
The luxury of looking at beauties,
The tedium of talking to mutes;

The female diplomatists, planners
 Of matches for Laura and Jane;
 The ice of her Ladyship's manners,
 The ice of his Lordship's champagne.

Good-night to the Season!—the rages
 Led off by the chiefs of the throng,
 The Lady Matilda's new pages,
 The Lady Eliza's new song;
 Miss Fennel's macaw, which at Boodle's
 Was held to have something to say;
 Mrs Splenetic's musical poodles,
 Which bark '*Batti Batti*' all day;
 The pony Sir Araby sported,
 As hot and as black as a coal,
 And the Lion his mother imported,
 In bearskins and grease, from the Pole.

Good-night to the Season!—the Toso,
 So very majestic and tall;
 Miss Ayton, whose singing was so-so,
 And Pasta, divinest of all;
 The labour in vain of the ballet,
 So sadly deficient in stars;
 The foreigners thronging the Alley,
 Exhaling the breath of cigars;
 The *loge* where some heiress (how killing!)
 Environed with exquisites sits,
 The lovely one out of her drilling,
 The silly ones out of their wits.

Good-night to the Season!—the splendour
 That beamed in the Spanish Bazaar;
 Where I purchased—my heart was so tender—
 A card-case, a pasteboard guitar,

A bottle of perfume, a girdle,
A lithographed Riego, full-grown,
Whom bigotry drew on a hurdle
That artists might draw him on stone ;
A small panorama of Seville,
A trap for demolishing flies,
A caricature of the Devil,
And a look from Miss Sheridan's eyes.

Good-night to the Season !—the flowers
Of the grand horticultural fête,
When boudoirs were quitted for bowers,
And the fashion was—not to be late ;
When all who had money and leisure
Grew rural o'er ices and wines,
All pleasantly toiling for pleasure,
All hungrily pining for pines,
And making of beautiful speeches,
And marring of beautiful shows,
And feeding on delicate peaches,
And treading on delicate toes.

Good-night to the Season !—Another
Will come, with its trifles and toys,
And hurry away, like its brother,
In sunshine, and odour, and noise.
Will it come with a rose or a briar ?
Will it come with a blessing or curse ?
Will its bonnets be lower or higher ?
Will its morals be better or worse ?
Will it find me grown thinner or fatter,
Or fonder of wrong or of right,
Or married—or buried ?—no matter :
Good-night to the Season—good-night !

W. M. Praed.

MY PARTNER

AT Cheltenham, where one drinks one's fill
 Of folly and cold water,
 I danced last year my first quadrille
 With old Sir Geoffrey's daughter.
 Her cheek with summer's rose might vie,
 When summer's rose is newest ;
 Her eyes were blue as autumn's sky,
 When autumn's sky is bluest ;
 And well my heart might deem her one
 Of Life's most precious flowers,
 For half her thoughts were of its sun,
 And half were of its showers.

I spoke of novels :—' Vivian Gray '
 Was positively charming,
 And ' Almacks ' infinitely gay,
 And ' Frankenstein ' alarming ;
 I said ' De Vere ' was chastely told,
 Thought well of ' Herbert Lacy,'
 Called Mr Banim's sketches ' bold,'
 And Lady Morgan's ' racy' ;
 I vowed that last new thing of Hook's
 Was vastly entertaining ;
 And Laura said, ' I doat on books,
 Because it's always raining.'

I talked of music's gorgeous fame ;
 I raved about Rossini,
 Hoped Ronzi would come back again,
 And criticised Pacini ;

I wished the chorus-singers dumb,
 The trumpets more pacific,
 And eulogised Brocard's *aplomb*,
 And voted Paul 'terrific!'—
 What cared she for Medea's pride?
 Or Desdemona's sorrow?
 'Alas!' my beauteous listener sighed,
 'We must have rain to-morrow!'

I told her tales of other lands;
 Of ever-boiling fountains,
 Of poisonous lakes and barren sands,
 Vast forests, trackless mountains.
 I painted bright Italian skies,
 I lauded Persian roses;
 Coined similes for Spanish eyes,
 And jests for Indian noses;
 I laughed at Lisbon's love of mass,
 Vienna's dread of treason;
 And Laura asked me—where the glass
 Stood, at Madrid, last season.

I broached whate'er had gone its rounds
 The week before of scandal;
 What made Sir Luke lay down his hounds
 And Jane take up her Handel;
 Why Julia walked upon the heath
 With the pale moon above her;
 Where Flora lost her false front teeth,
 And Anne her falser lover;
 How Lord de B. and Mrs L.
 Had crossed the sea together;
 My shuddering partner cried, 'O Ciel!
 How *could* they—in such weather?'

Was she a Blue? I put my trust
In strata, petals, gases;
A boudoir-pedant? I discussed
The toga and the fasces;
A Cockney-muse? I mouthed a deal
Of folly from Endymion;
A saint? I praised the pious zeal
Of Messrs. Way and Simeon;
A politician?—it was vain
To quote the morning paper;
The horrid phantoms came again,
Rain, Hail, and Snow, and Vapour.

Flat flattery was my only chance:
I acted deep devotion,
Found magic in her every glance,
Grace in her every motion;
I wasted all a stripling's lore,
Prayer, passion, folly, feeling,
And wildly looked upon the floor,
And wildly on the ceiling;
I envied gloves upon her arm
And shawls upon her shoulder;
And, when my worship was most warm,—
She—'never found it colder.'

I don't object to wealth or land;
And she will have the giving
Of an extremely pretty hand,
Some thousands, and a living.
She makes silk purses, broiders stools,
Sings sweetly, dances finely,
Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday schools,
And sits a horse divinely.

But to be linked for life to her!—
 The desperate man who tried it
 Might marry a Barometer
 And hang himself beside it!

W. M. Praed.

OUR BALL

'Comment! c'est lui? que je le regarde encore! C'est que vraiment il est bien changé; n'est ce pas, mon Papa?'—*Les Premiers Amours.*

You'LL come to our Ball;—since we parted,
 I've thought of you more than I'll say;
 Indeed, I was half broken-hearted
 For a week, when they took you away.
 Fond fancy brought back to my slumbers
 Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
 And echoed the musical numbers
 Which you used to sing to me then.
 I know the romance, since it's over,
 'Twere idle, or worse, to recall;
 I know you're a terrible rover;
 But, Clarence, you'll come to our Ball.

It's only a year, since, at College,
 You put on your cap and your gown;
 But, Clarence, you're grown out of knowledge,
 And changed from the spur to the crown:
 The voice that was best when it faltered
 Is fuller and firmer in tone,
 And the smile that should never have altered—
 Dear Clarence—it is not your own:

Your cravat was badly selected ;
Your coat don't become you at all ;
And why is your hair so neglected ?
You must have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon
To look for a covey with pup ;
I've often been over to Shaldon
To see how your boat is laid up :
In spite of the terrors of Aunt, y,
I've ridden the filly you broke ;
And I've studied your sweet little Dante
In the shade of your favourite oak :
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,
I sat in your love of a shawl ;
And I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,
Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you vanished,
We've set up a National School ;
And waltzing is utterly banished,
And Ellen has married a fool ;
The Major is going to travel,
Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout,
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel,
Papa is laid up with the gout ;
And Jane has gone on with her easels,
And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul ;
And Fanny is sick with the measles,—
And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your beauties ; the Lily,
And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
And Lucy, who made me so silly
At Dawlish, by taking your arm ;

Miss Manners, who always abused you
 For talking so much about Hock,
 And her sister, who often amused you
 By raving of rebels and Rock;
 And something which surely would answer,
 An heiress quite fresh from Bengal;
 So, though you were seldom a dancer,
 You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the World! from the flowers
 It shuts out the sunshine of truth:
 It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
 It makes an old age of our youth;
 And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
 Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
 Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
 Grows harder by sudden degrees:
 Time treads o'er the graves of affection,
 Sweet honey is turned into gall;
 Perhaps you have no recollection
 That ever you danced at our Ball!

You once could be pleased with our ballads,—
 To-day you have critical ears;
 You once could be charmed with our salads—
 Alas! you've been dining with Peers;
 You trifled and flirted with many,—
 You've forgotten the when and the how;
 There was one you liked better than any,—
 Perhaps you've forgotten her now.
 But of those you remember most newly,
 Of those who delight or enthrall,
 None love you a quarter so truly
 As some you will find at our Ball.

'They tell me you've many who flatter,
 Because of your wit and your song;
 They tell me—and what does it matter?—
 You like to be praised by the throng;
 They tell me you're shadowed with laurel;
 They tell me you're loved by a Blue;
 They tell me you're sadly immoral—
 Dear Clarence, that cannot be true!
 But to me you are still what I found you,
 Before you grew clever and tall;
 And you'll think of the spell that once bound you,
 And you'll come—won't you come?—to our
 Ball!

W. M. Praed.

QUINCE

'Fallentis semita vita.'—HOR.

NEAR a small village in the West,
 Where many very worthy people
 Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
 To guard from evil church and steeple,
 There stood—alas! it stands no more!—
 A tenement of brick and plaster,
 Of which, for forty years and four,
 My good friend Quince was lord and master.

Welcome was he in hut and hall
 To maids and matrons, peers and peasants;
 He won the sympathies of all
 By making puns and making presents.

Though all the parish were at strife,
He kept his counsel and his carriage,
And laughed, and loved a quiet life,
And shrank from chancery suits—and marriage.

Sound was his claret—and his head ;
Warm was his double ale—and feelings ;

His partners at the whist club said

That he was faultless in his dealings :

He went to church but once a week ;

Yet Dr Poundtext always found him

An upright man, who studied Greek,

And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals and schools,

He used to swear, were made to cozen ;

All who subscribed to them were fools,—

And he subscribed to half a dozen :

It was his doctrine that the poor

Were always able, never willing ;

And so the beggar at his door

Had first abuse, and then—a shilling.

Some public principles he had,

But was no flatterer, nor fretter ;

He rapped his box when things were bad,

And said, ‘ I cannot make them better ! ’

And much he loathed the patriot’s snort,

And much he scorned the placeman’s snuffle ;

And cut the fiercest quarrels short

With—‘ Patience, gentlemen—and shuffle ! ’

For full ten years his pointer Speed

Had couched beneath his master’s table ;

For twice ten years his old white steed

Had fattened in his master’s stable ;

Old Quince averred, upon his troth,
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;
And none knew why he fed them both,
With his own hands, six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs Glasse, and patterns;
Adine was studying baker's bills,
Louisa looked the queen of knitters;
Jane happened to be hemming frills;
And Bell, by chance, was making fritters.

But all was vain; and while decay
Came, like a tranquil moonlight, o'er him,
And found him gouty still, and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him,
His rugged smile and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge;
Some heard he had been crost in love
Before he came away from college;
Some darkly hinted that his Grace
Did nothing great or small without him;
Some whispered, with a solemn face,
That there was 'something odd about him!'

I found him, at threescore and ten,
A single man, but bent quite double;
Sickness was coming on him then
To take him from a world of trouble:

He prosed of slipping down the hill,
Discovered he grew older daily;
One frosty day he made his will,—
The next he sent for Doctor Bailey.

And so he lived,—and so he died!—
When last I sat beside his pillow
He shook my hand, and ‘Ah!’ he cried,
‘Penelope must wear the willow.
Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket;
And say, that when I call again,
I’ll bring a licence in my pocket.

‘I’ve left my house and grounds to Fag,—
I hope his master’s shoes will suit him;
And I’ve bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake,—or shoot him.
The vicar’s wife will take old Fox,—
She’ll find him un uncommon mouser,—
And let her husband have my box,
My Bible, and my Assmanshauser.

‘Whether I ought to die or not,
My doctors cannot quite determine;
It’s only clear that I shall rot,
And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
My debts are paid:—but Nature’s debt
Almost escaped my recollection:
Tom!—we shall meet again,—and yet
I cannot leave you my direction.’

W. M. Praed.

THE POPE¹

THE Pope, he leads a happy life,
He fears not married care, nor strife,
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,—
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But then all happy's not his life—
He has not maid, nor blooming wife;
Nor child has he to raise his hope—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
His is a life of jollity;
His wives are many as he will—
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But even he's a wretched man,
He must obey his Alcoran;
And dares not drink a drop of wine—
I would not change his lot for mine.

So then I'll hold my lowly stand,
And live in German Vaterland;
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

Whene'er my maiden kisses me,
I'll think that I the Sultan be;
And when my cheery glass I tope,
I'll fancy that I am the Pope.

Charles Lever.

¹ Based on a German original. Another translation was made by Thackeray.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
 For which no rhyme our language yields,
 Rue Neuve des Petits Champ its name is—
 The New Street of the Little Fields.
 And here's an inn, not rich and splendid
 But still in comfortable case;
 The which in youth I oft attended
 To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is,
 A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
 Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes
 That Greenwich never could outdo;
 Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
 Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace:
 All these you eat at Terrè's tavern
 In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
 And true philosophers, methinks,
 Who love all sorts of natural beauties
 Should love good victuals and good drinks.
 And Cordelier or Benedictine
 Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
 Nor find a fast-day too afflicting
 Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
 Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
 The smiling red-cheeked 'écaillère' is
 Still opening oysters at the door.

Is Terrè still alive and able?

I recollect his droll grimace;
He'd come and smile before your table
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.

—'How's Monsieur Terrè, waiter, pray?'

The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—

'Monsieur is dead this many a day.'

'It is the lot of saint and sinner,

So honest Terrè's run his race.'

'What will Monsieur require for dinner?'

'Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?'

'Oh, oui, Monsieur,' 's the waiter's answer,

'Quel vin, Monsieur, désire-t-il?'

'Tell me a good one.' 'That I can, sir:

The Chambertin with yellow seal.'

'So Terrè's gone,' I say, and sink in

My old accustom'd corner place;

'He's done with feasting and with drinking,

With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.'

My old accustom'd corner here is,

The table still is in the nook;

Ah! vanish'd many a busy year is

This well-known chair since last I took,

When first I saw ye, '*cari luoghi*,'

I'd scarce a beard upon my face,

And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,

I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty

Of early days met here to dine?

Come, waiter ! quick, a flagon crusty,
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace ;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage,
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet,
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage,
There's poor old Fred in the 'Gazette' ;
On James's head the grass is growing :
Good Lord ! the world has wagged a-pace,
Since here we set the claret flowing
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

' Ah me ! how quick the days are flitting !
I mind me of the time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke, and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes :
Fill up the lonely glass and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is,
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart whate'er the meat is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse !
W. M. Thackeray.

THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TESTAMENT

THE noble King of Brentford
Was old and very sick,
He summon'd his physicians
To wait upon him quick ;
They stepp'd into their coaches
And brought their best physick.

They cramm'd their gracious master
With potion and with pill,
They drench'd him and they bled him :
They could not cure his ill.

'Go fetch,' says he, 'my lawyer ;
I'd better make my will.'

The monarch's royal mandate
The lawyer did obey,
The thought of six-and-eightpence
Did make his heart full gay.
'What is't,' says he, 'your Majesty
Would wish of me to-day ?'

'The doctors have belabour'd me
With potion and with pill :
My hours of life are counted,
O man of tape and quill !
Sit down and mend a pen or two,
I want to make my will.'

'O'er all the land of Brentford
I'm lord, and eke of Kew :

I've three-per-cents and five-per-cents;
 My debts are but a few;
 And to inherit after me
 I have but children two.

'Prince Thomas is my eldest son:
 A sober prince is he,
 And from the day we breech'd him
 Till now—he's twenty-three—
 He never caused disquiet
 To his poor mamma or me.

'At school they never flogg'd him,
 At college, though not fast,
 Yet his little-go and great-go
 He creditably pass'd,
 And made his year's allowance
 For eighteen months to last.

'He never owed a shilling,
 Went never drunk to bed,
 He has not two ideas
 Within his honest head—
 In all respects he differs
 From my second son, Prince Ned.

'When Tom has half his income
 Laid by at the year's end,
 Poor Ned has ne'er a stiver
 That rightly he may spend,
 But sponges on a tradesman,
 Or borrows from a friend.

'While Tom his legal studies
 Most soberly pursues,

; Poor Ned must pass his mornings
 A-dawdling with the Muse :
 While Tom frequents his banker
 Young Ned frequents the Jews.

‘ Ned drives about in buggies,
 Tom sometimes takes a ’bus ;
 Ah, cruel fate, why made you
 My children differ thus ?
 Why make of Tom a “dullard,”
 And Ned a “genius” ? ’

‘ You’ll cut him with a shilling,’
 Exclaimed the man of wits :
 ‘ I’ll leave my wealth,’ said Brentford,
 ‘ Sir lawyer, as befits,
 And portion both their fortunes
 Unto their several wits.’

‘ Your Grace knows best,’ the lawyer said ;
 ‘ On your commands I wait.’
 ‘ Be silent, sir,’ says Brentford,
 ‘ A plague upon your prate !
 Come, take your pen and paper,
 And write as I dictate.’

The will as Brentford spoke it,
 Was writ and signed and closed ;
 He bade the lawyer leave him,
 And turn’d him round and dozed ;
 And next week in the churchyard
 The good old King reposed.

Tom, dressed in crape and hatband,
 Of mourners was the chief ;

In bitter self-upbraidings
 Poor Edward showed his grief:
 Tom hid his fat white countenance
 In his pocket handkerchief.

Ned's eyes were full of weeping,
 He faltered in his walk;
 Tom never shed a tear,
 But onwards he did stalk,
 As pompous, black, and solemn
 As any catafalque.

And when the bones of Brentford—
 That gentle king and just—
 With bell and book and candle
 Were duly laid in dust,
 'Now, gentlemen,' says Thomas,
 'Let business be discussed.'

'When late our sire beloved
 Was taken deadly ill;
 Sir Lawyer, you attended him
 (I mean to tax your bill);
 And as you signed and wrote it,
 I prithee read the will.'

The lawyer wiped his spectacles,
 And drew the parchment out;
 And all the Brentford family
 Sat eager round about:
 Poor Ned was somewhat anxious,
 But Tom had ne'er a doubt.

'My son, as I make ready
 To seek my last long home,

Some cares I had for Neddy,
But none for thee, my Tom :
Sobriety and order
You ne'er departed from.

'Ned hath a brilliant genius,
And thou a plodding brain ;
On thee I think with pleasure,
On him with doubt and pain.'
(' You see, good Ned,' says Thomas,
' What he thought about us twain.')

' Though small was your allowance
You saved a little store ;
And those who save a little
Shall get a plenty more.'
As the lawyer read this compliment
Tom's eyes were running o'er.

' The tortoise and the hare, Tom,
Set out at each his pace ;
The hare it was the fleetest,
The tortoise won the race ;
And since the world's beginning
This ever was the case.

' Ned's genius, blithe and singing,
Steps gaily o'er the ground ;
As steadily you trudge it,
He clears it with a bound ;
But dulness has stout legs, Tom,
And wind that's wondrous sound.

' O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom,
You pass with plodding feet ;

You heed nor one nor t'other, but
But onwards go your beat ; O
While genius stops to loiter
With all that he may meet ;

‘ And ever as he wanders,
Will have a pretext fine
For sleeping in the morning,
Or loitering to dine,
Or dozing in the shade,
Or basking in the shine.

‘ Your little steady eyes, Tom,
Though not so bright as those
That restless round about him
His flashing genius throws,
Are excellently suited
To look before your nose.

‘ Thank heaven, then, for the blinkers
It placed before your eyes ;
The stupidest are strongest,
The witty are not wise ;
Oh, bless your good stupidity,
It is your dearest prize.

‘ And though my lands are wide,
And plenty is my gold,
Still better gifts from Nature,
My Thomas, do you hold—
A brain that's thick and heavy,
A heart that's dull and cold.

‘ Too dull to feel depression,
Too hard to feel distress,

Too cold to yield to passion
Or silly tenderness.

March on—your road is open
To wealth, Tom, and success.

‘Ned sinneth in extravagance,
And you in greedy lust’

(‘I’ faith,’ says Ned, ‘our father
Is less polite than just,’)

‘In you, son Tom, I’ve confidence,
But Ned I cannot trust.

‘Wherefore my lease and copyholds,
My lands and tenements,

My parks, my farms, and orchards,
My houses and my rents,

My Dutch stock and my Spanish stock,
My five and three per cents.

‘I leave to you, my Thomas’—

(‘What, all?’ poor Edward said,

‘Well, well, I should have spent them,
And Tom’s a prudent head.’)

‘I leave to you, my Thomas,—
To you IN TRUST for Ned.’

The wrath and consternation,
What poet e’er could trace

That at this fatal passage
Came o’er Prince Tom his face ;

The wonder of the company
And honest Ned’s amaze ?

‘’Tis surely some mistake,’
Good-naturedly cries Ned ;

The lawyer answered gravely,
 'Tis even as I said ;
 'Twas thus his gracious Majesty
 Ordain'd on his deathbed.

' See here the will is witness'd,
 And here's his autograph.'
 ' In truth our father's writing,'
 Says Edward, with a laugh ;
 ' But thou shalt not be a loser, Tom ;
 We'll share it half and half.'

' Alas ! my kind young gentleman,
 This sharing cannot be ;
 'Tis written in the testament,
 That Brentford spoke to me,
 " I do forbid Prince Ned to give
 Prince Tom a halfpenny.

" " He hath a store of money,
 But ne'er was known to lend it ;
 He never helped his brother ;
 The poor he ne'er befriended ;
 He hath no need of property
 Who knows not how to spend it.

" " Poor Edward knows but how to spend,
 And thrifty Tom to hoard ;
 Let Thomas be the steward then,
 And Edward be the lord ;
 And as the honest labourer
 Is worthy his reward,

" " I pray Prince Ned, my second son,
 And my successor dear,

To pay to his intendant
Five hundred pounds a year,
And to think of his old father,
And live and make good cheer.””

Such was old Brentford's honest testament.
He did devise his money for the best,
And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest.
Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent ;
But his good sire was wrong, it is confess'd,
To say his son, young Thomas, never lent.
He did. Young Thomas lent at interest,
And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured
O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Putney,
Kew,
But of extravagance he ne'er was cured.
And when both died, as mortal men will do,
'Twas commonly reported that the steward
Was very much the richer of the two.
W. M. Thackeray.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,

Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats !
 They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking:
 ' 'Tis clear,' cried they, 'our Mayor's a noddy;
 And as for our Corporation—shocking
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
 For dolts that can't or won't determine
 What's best to rid us of our vermin !
 You hope, because you're old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robes ease ?
 Rouse up, sirs ! give your brains a racking
 To find the remedy we're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !'
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council.

At length the Mayor broke silence :

‘ For a guilder I’d my ermine gown sell,

I wish I were a mile hence !

It’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain—

I’m sure my poor head aches again,

I’ve scratched it so, and all in vain.

Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap ! ’

Just as he said this, what should hap

At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?

‘ Bless us,’ cried the Mayor, ‘ what’s that ? ’

(With the Corporation as he sat,

Looking little though wondrous fat ;

Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister

Than a too-long-opened oyster,

Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous

For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)

‘ Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?

Anything like the sound of a rat

Makes my heart go pit-a-pat ! ’

‘ Come in ! ’ the Mayor cried, looking bigger :

And in did come the strangest figure !

His queer long coat from heel to head

Was half of yellow and half of red,

And he himself was tall and thin,

With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,

And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,

No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,

But lips where smiles went out and in ;

There was no guessing his kith and kin :

And nobody could enough admire,
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one : ' It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-
stone ! '

VI

He advanced to the council-table :
And, ' Please your honours,' said he, ' I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper.'
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque ;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
' Yet,' said he, ' poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats :
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats

Will you give me a thousand guilders?'
'One? fifty thousand!'—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

vii

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled:
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling,
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)

To Rat-land home his commentary :
 Which was, ' At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe :
 And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks :
 And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, " Oh rats, rejoice !

The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
 So munch on, crunch on, take your muncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon ! "
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, " Come, bore me ! "
 —I found the Weser rolling o'er me.'

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
 ' Go,' cried the Mayor, ' and get long poles,
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats ! '—when suddenly, up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
 With a, ' First, if you please, my thousand
 guilders ! '

IX

A thousand guilders ! the Mayor looked blue ;
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners make rare havoc
 With claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, hock ;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !
 ' Beside,' quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
 ' Our business was done at the river's brink ;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something for drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
 But as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
 A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty ! '

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried
 ' No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !
 I've promised to visit by dinner-time
 Bagdad, and accept the prime
 Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left in the Caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor :
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe after another fashion.'

‘How?’ cried the Mayor, ‘d’ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!’

xii

Once more he stept into the street
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician’s cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is
scattering
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

xiii

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,

—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.
'He never can cross that mighty top !
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop !'
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all ? No ! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way ;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
'It's dull in our town since my playmates left !
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town, and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagle's wings :
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more !

XIV

Alas, alas, for Hamelin !
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And the Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated dully.
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
' And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six ' :
And the better in memory to fix

The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where anyone playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterranean prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from
mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
promise!

Robert Browning.

THE POPE AND THE NET

WHAT, he on whom our voices unanimously ran,
Made Pope at our last conclave? Full low his
life began,
His father earned the daily bread as just a fisher-
man.

So much the more his boy minds book, gives proof
of mother-wit,
Becomes first Deacon, and then Priest, then Bishop:
see him sit
No less than Cardinal ere long, while no one cries
'Unfit!'

But some one snirks, some other smiles, jogs elbow
and nods head;
Each winks at each: 'I-faith, a rise? Saint
Peter's net, instead
Of sword and keys, is come in vogue! You
think he blushes red?

Not he, of humble holy heart! 'Unworthy me!'
he sighs:

'From fisher's drudge to Church's prince—it is
indeed a rise:

So, here's my way to keep the fact for ever in
my eyes?'

And straightway in his palace-hall, where com-
monly is set

Some coat-of-arms, some portraiture ancestral, lo,
we met

His mean estate's reminder in his fisher-father's
net!

Which step conciliates all and some, stops cavil in
a trice :

‘The humble holy heart that holds of new-born
pride no spice !

He’s just the saint to choose for Pope !’ Each
adds, ‘ ’Tis my advice.’

So Pope he was: and when we flocked—its sacred
slipper on—

To kiss his foot, we lifted eyes, alack the thing
was gone—

That guarantee of lowlihead,—eclipsed that star
which shone !

Each eyed his fellow, one and all kept silence. I
cried, ‘ Pish ! ’

I’ll make me spokesman for the rest, express the
common wish.

‘ Why, Father, is the net removed ? ’ ‘ Son, it
hath caught the fish.’

Robert Browning.

THE MASSACRE OF THE MACPHERSON¹

From the Gallic.

FHAIRSHON swore a feud

Against the clan M‘Tavish ;

Marched into their land

To murder and to rafish ;

¹ The ‘ Bon Gaultier ’ ballads were written by the late Professor Aytoun and Sir Theodore Martin, who informs the Editor that his collaborator was responsible for ‘ The Massacre of the Macpherson.’

For he did resolve
 To extirpate the vipers,
 With four-and-twenty men
 And five-and-thirty pipers.

But when he had gone
 Half-way down Strath Canaan,
 Of his fighting tail
 Just three were remainin'.
 They were all he had
 To back him in ta battle;
 All the rest had gone
 Off, to drive ta cattle.

'Fery coot!' cried Fhairshon,
 'So my clan disgraced is;
 Lads, we'll need to fight
 Pefore we touch the peasties.
 Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
 Coming wi' his fassals,
 Gillies seventy-three
 And sixty Dhuinéwassails!'

'Coot tay to you, sir;
 Are you not ta Fhairshon?
 Was you coming here
 To fisit any person?
 You are a plackguard, sir!
 It is now six hundred
 Coot long years and more,
 Since my glen was plundered.'

'Fat is tat you say?
 Dare you cock your peaver?
 I will teach you, sir,
 Fat is coot pehaviour!

You shall not exist
 For another day more;
 I will shoot you, sir,
 Or stap you with my claymore !'

'I am fery glad
 To learn what you mention,
 Since I can prevent
 Any such intention.'
 So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
 Gave some war-like howls,
 Trew his skhian-dhu,
 An' stuck it in his powels.

In this fery way
 Tied ta valiant Fhairshon,
 Who was always thought
 A superior person.
 Fhairshon had a son
 Who married Noah's daughter,
 And nearly spoiled ta Flood,
 By trinking up ta water.

Which he would have done,
 I at least pelieve it,
 Had ta mixture peen
 Only half Glenlivet.
 This is all my tale:

Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye !
 Here's your fery good healths,
 And tamn ta whusky duty !

Aytoun-Martin.

ROTTEN ROW

I HOPE I'm fond of much that's good,
As well as much that's gay ;
I'd like the country if I could ;
I love the Park in May :
And when I ride in Rotten Row,
I wonder why they call'd it so.

A lively scene on turf and road ;
The crowd is bravely drest :
The *Ladies' Mile* has overflow'd,
The chairs are in request :
The nimble air, so soft, so clear,
Can hardly stir a ringlet here.

I'll halt beneath those pleasant trees,
And drop my bridle-rein,
And, quite alone, indulge at ease
The philosophic vein :
I'll moralize on all I see—
Yes, it was all arranged for me !

Forsooth, and on a livelier spot
The sunbeam never shines.
Fair ladies here can talk and trot
With statesmen and divines ;
Could I have chosen, I'd have been
A Duke, a Beauty, or a Dean.

What grooms ! what gallant gentlemen !
What well-appointed hacks !
What glory in their pace, and then
What Beauty on their backs !

My Pegasus would never flag
If weighted as my Lady's nag.

But where is now the courtly troop
That once rode laughing by?
I miss the curls of Cantilupe,
The laugh of Lady Di:
They all could laugh from night to morn,
And Time has laugh'd them all to scorn.

I then could frolic in the van
With dukes and dandy earls;
Then I was thought a *nice* young man
By rather *nice* young girls!
I've half a mind to join Miss Browne,
And try one canter up and down.

Ah, no—I'll linger here awhile,
And dream of days of yore;
For me bright eyes have lost the smile,
The sunny smile they wore:—
Perhaps they say, what I'll allow,
That I'm not quite so handsome now.

Frederick Locker.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR!

Yes, here, once more a traveller,
I find the Angel Inn,
Where landlord, maids, and serving-men
Receive me with a grin:
Surely they can't remember Me,
My hair is grey and scanter;

I'm changed, so changed since I was here—
O tempora mutantur !

The Angel's not much altered since
That happy month of June,
Which brought me here with Pamela
To spend our honeymoon:
Ah me, I even recollect
The shape of this decanter !
We've since been both much put about—
O tempora mutantur !

Ay, there's the clock, and looking-glass
Reflecting me again ;
She vow'd her Love was very fair,
I see I'm very plain :
And there's that daub of Prince Leeboo ;
'Twas Pamela's fond banter
To fancy it resembled *me*.
O tempora mutantur !

The curtains have been dyed, but there,
Unbroken, is the same,
The very same, crack'd pane of glass
On which I scratch'd her name.
Yes, there's her tiny flourish still ;
It used to so enchant her
To link two happy names in one,
O tempora mutantur !

.
The pilgrim sees an empty chair
Where Pamela once sat ;
It may be she has found her grave,
It might be worse than that.

*The fairest fade, the best of men
 Have met with a supplanter ;—
 I wish that I could like this cry
 Of tempora mutantur.*

Frederick Locker.

MY MISTRESS'S BOOTS

She has dancing eyes and ruby lips,
 Delightful boots, and away she skips.

THEY nearly strike me dumb,—
 I tremble when they come

Pit-a-pat :

This palpitation means
 These boots are Geraldine's—
 Think of that !

O, where did hunter win
 So delicate a skin
 For her feet ?

You lucky little kid,
 You perished, so you did,
 For my Sweet.

The faery stitching gleanis
 On the sides, and in the seams,
 And reveals
 That the Pixies were the wags
 Who tipt these funny tags,
 And these heels.

What soles to charm an elf !
 Had Crusoe, sick of self,
 Chanced to view

One printed near the tide,
O, how hard he would have tried
For the two !

For Gerry's debonair,
And innocent and fair
As a rose ;
She's an angel in a frock,—
She's an angel with a clock
To her hose !

The simpletons who squeeze
Their pretty toes to please
Mandarins
Would positively flinch
From venturing to pinch
Geraldine's.

Cinderella's *lefts and rights*
To Geraldine's were frights :
And I trow
The Damsel, deftly shod,
Has dutifully trod
Until now.

Come, Gerry, since it suits
Such a pretty Puss (in Boots)
These to don,
Set your dainty hand awhile
On my shoulder, Dear, and I'll
Put them on.

Frederick Locker.

AN OLD MUFF

He cannot be complete in aught
 Who is not humorously prone,—
 A man without a merry thought
 Can hardly have a funny bone.

TIME has a magic wand !
 What is this meets my hand,
 Moth-eaten, mouldy, and
 Cover'd with fluff ?
 Faded, and stiff, and scant ;
 Can it be ? no, it can't—
 Yes, I declare, it's Aunt
 Prudence's muff !

Years ago, twenty-three,
 Old Uncle Doubleddee
 Gave it to Aunt P.,
 Laughing and teasing—
 ' Pru, of the breezy curls,
 Question those solemn churls,—
What holds a pretty girl's
 Hand without squeezing ? '

Uncle was then a lad
 Gay, but, I grieve to add,
 Sinful, if smoking bad
 Baccy's a vice :
 Glossy was then this mink
 Muff, lined with pretty pink
 Satin, which maidens think
 Awfully nice.

I seem to see again
 Aunt in her hood and train

Glide, with a sweet disdain,
Gravely to meeting.
Psalm-book and kerchief new,
Peep'd from the muff of Prue;
Young men, and pious too,
Giving her greeting.

Sweetly her Sabbath sped
Then; from this muff it's said,
Tracts she distributed :—
Converts (till Monday) !
Lured by the grace they lack'd,
Followed her. One, in fact,
Ask'd for—and got his tract
Twice of a Sunday !

Love has a potent spell ;
Soon this bold *ne'er do well*,
Aunt's too susceptible
Heart undermining,
Slipt, so the scandal runs,
Notes in the pretty nun's
Muff, triple corner'd ones,
Pink as its lining.

Worse follow'd—soon the jade
Fled (to oblige her blade) !
Whilst her friends thought that they'd
Lock'd her up tightly :
After such shocking games
Aunt is of wedded dames
Gayest, and now her name's
Mrs Golightly.

In female conduct flaw
 Sadder I never saw,
 Faith still I've in the law
 Of compensation.

Once Uncle went astray,
 Smoked, joked and swore away,
 Sworn by he's now, by a
 Large congregation.

Changed is the child of sin,
 Now he's (he once was thin)
 Grave, with a double chin,—
 Blest be his fat form !

Changed is the garb he wore,
 Preacher was never more
 Prized than is Uncle for
 Pulpit or platform.

If all's as best befits
 Mortals of slender wits,
 Then beg this muff and its
 Fair owner pardon :

All's for the best, indeed
 Such is my simple creed ;
 Still I must go and weed
 Hard in my garden.

f. Lockier.

Frederick Locker.

CIRCUMSTANCE

THE ORANGE

It ripen'd by the river banks,
 Where, mask and moonlight aiding,

Dons *Blas* and *Juan* play their pranks,
Dark *Donnas* serenading.

By Moorish damsel it was pluck'd,
Beneath the golden day there ;
By swain 'twas then in London suck'd,
Who flung the peel away there.

He could not know in Pimlico,
As little she in Seville,
That *I* should reel upon that peel,
And—wish them at the devil.

Frederick Locker.

THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER

AUTUMNAL sunshine seems to fall
With riper beauty, mellow, brighter,
On every favoured garden wall
Whose owner wears the mystic mitre :
And apricots and peaches grow,
With hues no cloudy weather weakens,
To ripeness laymen never know,
For deans and canons and archdeacons.

Dean Willmott's was a pleasant place,
Close under the cathedral shadows ;
Old elm-trees lent it antique grace ;
A river wandered through the meadows.
Well-ordered vines and fruit-trees filled
The terrace walk ; no branch had gone astray
Since monks, in horticulture skilled,
Had planned those gardens for their monast'ry.

Calm, silent, sunny : whispereth
No tone about that sleepy Deanery,
Save when the mighty organ's breath
Came husht through endless aisles of greenery.
No eastern breezes swung in air
The great elm-boughs, or crisped the ivy :
The powers of nature seemed aware
Dean Willmott's motto was 'Dormivi.'

Dean Willmott's mental life was spent
In Arabic and architecture :
On both of these most eloquent—
It was a treat to hear him lecture.
His dinners were exceeding fine,
His quiet jests extremely witty :
He kept the very best port wine
In that superb cathedral city.

But O the daughter of the Dean !
The Laureate's self could not describe her :
So sweet a creature ne'er was seen
Beside Eurotas, Xanthus, Tiber.
So light a foot, a lip so red,
A waist so delicately slender—
Not Cypris, fresh from Ocean's bed,
Was half so white and soft and tender.

Heigho ! the daughter of the Dean !
Beneath those elm-trees apostolic,
While autumn sunlight danced between,
We two had many a merry frolic.
Sweet Sybil Willmott ! long ago
To your young heart was love a visitor :
And often have I wished to know
How you could marry a solicitor.

Mortimer Collins.

LOVERS, AND A REFLECTION¹

IN moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean ;
Meaning, however, is no great matter),
Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween ;

Thro' God's own heather we wonn'd together,
I and my Willie (O love my love) :
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
And flitterbats wavered alow, above :

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing
(Boats in that climate are so polite),
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
And O the sundazzle on bark and bight !

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,
(O love my Willie !) and smelt for flowers :
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours :—

By rises that flush'd with their purple favours,
Thro' becks that brattled o'er grasses sheen,
We walked and waded, we two young shavers,
Thanking our stars we were both so green.

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,
In fortunate parallels ! Butterflies,
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly
Or marjoram, kept making peacock eyes :

Songbirds darted about, some inky
As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds ;

¹ A parody of Miss Ingelow's poem, 'Divided.'

Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky—

They reck of no eerie To-come, those birds !

But they skim over bents which the millstream
washes,

Or hang in the lift 'neath a white cloud's hem ;

They need no parasols, no goloshes ;

And good Mrs Trimmer she feedeth them.

Then we thrid God's cowslips (as erst His
heather)

That endowed the wan grass with their golden
blooms ;

And snapt—(it was perfectly charming weather)—

Our fingers at Fate and her goddess-glooms :

And Willie 'gan sing (O, his notes were fluty :

Wafts fluttered them out to the white wing'd
sea)—

Something made up of rhymes that have done
much duty,

Rhymes (better to put it) of 'ancientry.'

Bowers of flowers encountered showers

In William's carol—(O love my Willie !)

Then he bade sorrow borrow from blithe to-
morrow

I quite forget what—say a daffodilly :

A nest in a hollow, 'with buds to follow,'

I think occurred next in his nimble strain ;

And clay that was 'kneaden' of course in
Eden—

A rhyme most novel, I do maintain :

Mists, bones, the singer himself, love-stories,
 And all least furlable things got 'furred';
 Not with any design to conceal their 'glories,'
 But simply and solely to rhyme with 'world.'

O if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
 And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
 Could be furled together, this genial weather,
 And carted, or carried on 'wafts' away,
 Nor ever again trotted out—ah me!
 How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be!

C. S. Calverley.

LINES ON HEARING THE ORGAN

GRINDER, who serenely grindest
 At my door the Hundredth Psalm,
 Till thou ultimately findest
 Pence in thy unwashen palm :

Grinder, jocund-hearted Grinder,
 Near whom Barbary's nimble son
 Poised with skill upon his hinder
 Paws, accepts the proffered bun :

Dearly as I love thy grinding;
 Joy to meet thee on thy road
 Where thou prowlest through the blinding
 Dust with that stupendous load,

'Neath the baleful star of Sirius,
 When the postmen slower jog,
 And the ox becomes delirious
 And the muzzle decks the dog.

Tell me by what art thou bindest
On thy feet those ancient shoon :
Tell me, Grinder, if thou grindest
Always, always out of tune.

Tell me if, as thou art buckling
On thy straps with eager claws,
Thou forecastest, inly chuckling,
All the rage that thou wilt cause.

Tell me if at all thou mindest
When folks flee, as if on wings,
From thee as at ease thou grindest :
Tell me fifty thousand things.

Grinder, gentle-hearted Grinder !
Ruffians who lead evil lives,
Soothed by thy sweet strains, are kinder
To their bullocks and their wives :

Children, when they see thy supple
Form approach, are out like shots ;
Half-a-bar sets several couple
Waltzing in convenient spots ;

Not with clumsy Jacks or Georges ;
Unprofaned by grasp of man
Maidens speed those simple orgies,
Betsey Jane with Betsey Ann.

As they love thee in St Giles's
Thou art loved in Grosvenor Square,
None of those engaging smiles is
Unreciprocated there.

Often, ere yet thou hast hammer'd
Through thy four delicious airs,
Coins are flung thee by enamour'd
Housemaids upon area stairs :

E'en the ambrosial-whiskered flunkey
Eyes thy boots and thine unkempt
Beard and melancholy monkey
More in pity than contempt.

Far from England, in the sunny
South, where Anio leaps in foam,
Thou wast rear'd, till lack of money
Drew thee from thy vine-clad home :

And thy mate, the sinewy Jocko,
From Brazil or Afric came,
Land of simoon and sirocco—
And he seems extremely tame.

There he quaff'd the undefil'd
Spring, or hung with ape-like glee,
By his teeth or tail or eyelid,
To the slippery mango-tree :

There he woo'd and won a dusky
Bride, of instincts like his own ;
Talk'd of love till he was husky
In a tongue to us unknown :

Side by side 'twas theirs to ravage
The potato ground, or cut
Down the unsuspecting savage
With the well-aimed cocoa-nut :—

Till the miscreant stranger tore him
Screaming from his blue-faced fair ;
And they flung strange raiment o'er him,
Raiment which he could not bear :

Sever'd from the pure embraces
Of his children and his spouse,
He must ride fantastic races
Mounted on reluctant sows :

But the heart of wistful Jocko
Still was with his ancient flame
In the nut groves of Morocco ;
Or if not it's all the same.

Grinder, winsome grinsome Grinder !
They who see thee and whose soul
Melts not at thy charms, are blinder
Than a trebly-bandaged mole :

They to whom thy curt (yet clever)
Talk, thy music and thine ape,
Seem not to be joys for ever,
Are but brutes in human shape.

'Tis not that thy mien is stately,
'Tis not that thy tones are soft ;
'Tis not that I care so greatly
For the same thing play'd so oft :

But I've heard mankind abuse thee
And perhaps it's rather strange,
But I thought that I would choose thee
For enconium, as a change.

C. S. Calverley.

ODE TO TOBACCO

THOU who when fears attack
Bidst them avaunt, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest ;
Sweet, when the morn is grey ;
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch ; and at close of day
Possibly sweetest :

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told
Not to thy credit ;
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless, except to roast—
Doctors have said it.

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards ;
Go mad, and beat their wives ;
Plunge, after shocking lives,
Razors and carving-knives
Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks !
Yet I know five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbours ;

Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,
 Asked leave of Mrs J.)—
 Daily absorbs a clay
 After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
 Cooked by tobacco-juice ;
 Still, why deny its use
 Thoughtfully taken ?
 We're not as tabbies are :
 Smith, take a fresh cigar !
 Jones, the tobacco-jar !

Here's to thee, Bacon¹ !

C. S. Calverley.

A GORDIAN KNOT

A HANDKERCHIEF—dropt out, you say,
 From the receptacle allotted ?
 Not much if that were all, but stay,
 This pocket-handkerchief is *knotted*—

There at one end—frail souvenir,
 Hinting the need of mental tonics ;
 Whence comes the pale preceptor here
 To give his lesson in mnemonics ?

Is it from him whose 'un-urned' shade
 Petitions that, instead of joking,
 The debt of kinship should be paid
 To-day at Kensal Green or Woking ?

¹ A Cambridge tobacconist.

Poor Tom! you were not much to me,
 A cousin, twice removed, by marriage,
 Removed once more by fate's decree—
 At any rate I'll send the carriage . . .

Or, query, was it 'him' at all?
 This true-love knot may be a token
 Of some fair vision I'd recall—
 Of faithless vows and promise broken?

Love's tryst unkept by haunted well,
 Its sweet forget-me-nots forgotten . . .
 Perhaps it's only someone's bill
 I back'd?—of course it turned out rotten,—

Or hint to pay that bet I owe
 For views about the Derby winner;
 I'd rather much it was to go
 To Greenwich to a whitebait dinner? . . .

Of pay or play may preach this knot—
 Of death or duns or love's emotion;
 I tied it yesterday, but what
 It means, I've not the faintest notion.

H. Cholmondeley Pennell.

LEASES FOR WIVES

OR, WHAT WE'RE COMING TO

A PARTNERSHIP for life—absurd!
 How droll—a wedding ring! . . .
 Somehow we don't perceive the fun;
 'For seven, fourteen, or twenty-one'
 Is now the style of thing.

We meet our charmer in the Row,
 One glance!—'tis love at sight—
 We meet again at rout or hop,
 A valse, two ices, and then pop—
 Boulogne to-morrow night.

No trousseau cumpers up the fair
 With heaps of costly trash;
 No wedding breakfast makes her ill,
 Nor speeches that won't pay the bill,
 Nor 'settlements of cash.'

We register no fees on earth,
 No vows record in heaven;
 A sheet of cream-laid note—'tis done!
 For seven, fourteen, or twenty-one . . .
 Suppose we try for SEVEN?

H. Cholmondeley Pennell.

THE SQUIRE AND THE NEW PARSON'S GIRL

With wild locks streaming from the braid
 That fillets them in vain,
 Who is this hatless demoisel
 Comes flying down the lane?
 It must be our new parson's girl—
 I think they call her Jane?

They really shouldn't let her out
 In such prepost'rous guise—
 Sixteen? and in a pinafore,
 Suggestive of dirt pies!
 Frock'd to the knee! . . . and what a pair
 Of great blue saucer eyes!

The fair Miss Jenny's future lord
 Will need to have a care!—
 Despite the piquant little nose
 'Tip-tilted' in the air—
 They glitter like two cornflow'rs thro'
 That hayfield of her hair.

And then her mouth! a mile too wide—
 But arched like Cupid's bow,
 And strung with pearls—I never saw
 Such a surprising row:
 All womankind might 'show their teeth'
 If they'd such teeth to show.

'Twould almost be worth while to make
 The little vixen scold,
 If but to see the scornful smile
 Flash out so bright and bold
 There isn't such a face for miles
 Though half the shire were poll'd.

And face and figure ought to match,
 Or nature's made a slip;
 She seems as flexible and straight
 As my new riding-whip—
 Upon my word if she'd a chance
 I think she'd like to skip . . .

And I should like to hold the rope!
 Tho' skipping's not my way . . .
 She leads them all a pretty life
 Up at the Grange, they say . . .
 It's really rude not to have called . . .
 I think I'll go to-day.

H. Cholmondeley Pennell.

THE SECRET OF SAFETY

You ask me to declare the spell
 By which I sleep unhaunted slumbers :
 'Still fancy free!—the secret tell?'
 The secret is, fair Isabel,
 That 'safety lies in numbers.'

It is not that my heart is tough,
 I dare not make such false confession ;
 Or that it's made of such soft stuff,
 It is not durable enough
 To take a firm impression.

But Beauty's like the bloom that flies,
 And Love's a butterfly that hasteth,
 From lip to lip the trifler hies
 And sweet by sweet the garden tries,
 But each one only tasteth. . . .

If I looked long in your *beaux-yeux*
 I might not sleep unhaunted slumbers,—
 At least 'twere rash to try, you know,—
 So now I'm going to the Row
 Where 'safety lies in numbers' !

H. Cholmondeley Pennell.

THE OLYMPIC BALL.

It's a classical fact very few know
 (If any one knows it at all),
 That Jove once prevailed upon Juno
 To issue her cards for a ball.

Olympus, of course, was delighted ;
The notion was charming—so new !
And the whole of the gods were invited,
The whole of the goddesses too ;
Including a few lucky mortals,
Especially well known to fame,
(For Olympus ne'er open'd its portals,
Except to the *crème de la crème*).

At eleven the guests were arriving,
All drest up remarkably grand ;
At midnight Apollo came driving
Full pelt, in a neat four-in-hand !
In passing Parnassus he'd popp'd in,
And brought on the Muses inside ;
Minerva soon afterwards dropp'd in,
And Vulcan, escorting his bride.
Lovely Venus was quite condescending,
(But chroniclers freely confess,
She was not in the habit of spending
Extravagant sums upon dress).

The ball-room, one couldn't help feeling,
Was got up regardless of cost,
And the satyrs and nymphs on the ceiling
Were worthy of Etty or Frost.
The band that was hir'd for the dancers
(The best they could possibly get)
Look'd down with disdain on the 'Lancers',
And stuck to the 'Court Minuet.'
Young Ganymede carried round ices,
And Hebe (a pert-looking minx)
Cut the pine apple up into slices,
While Bacchus took charge of the drinks.

Terpsichore danced like a feather ;
 In fact, the spectators agreed
 That she and young Zephyr together
 Made very good partners indeed.
 Then Momus began to grow witty ;
 The Graces obliged with a glee ;
 While Pan sang a pastoral ditty,
 And Neptune a song of the sea !
 Minerva sat pompously boring
 The Muses with blue-stockings talk ;
 And Bacchus was put to bed snoring,
 Completely unable to walk.

An hour before daylight was shining
 The prudish Diana had flown
 To the spot where Endymion was pining
 To meet her by moonlight alone.
 The next to depart was Apollo,
 Who leapt on his chariot at seven :
 No eye in Olympus could follow
 The track of his coursers through heaven !
 The lamps were beginning to burn out,
 And sunshine was flooding the hall,
 When the last who thought proper to turn out
 Drove homeward from Jupiter's ball.

H. S. Leigh.

‘WITH MUSICAL SOCIETY’

I LOOK'D for lodgings, long ago,
 Away from London's fogs and fusses ;
 A rustic Paradise, you know,
 Within a walk of trains and 'busses.

I made my choice, and settled down
In such a lovely situation!—
About a dozen miles from town,
And very near a railway station.

Within my pastoral retreat
No creditor, no care intruded;
My happiness was quite complete
(The 'comforts of a home' included).
I found the landlord most polite,
His wife, if possible, politer;—
Their two accomplished daughters quite
Electrified the present writer.

A nicer girl than Fanny Lisle
To sing a die-away duet with,
(Say something in the Verdi style),
Upon my life I never met with.
And yet I waver'd in my choice;
For I believe I'm right in saying
That nothing equalled Fanny's voice
Unless it was Maria's playing.

If music be the food of Love,
That was the house for Cupid's diet;
Those two melodious girls, by Jove,
Were never for an instant quiet.
I own that Fanny's voice was sweet,
I own Maria's touch was pearly;
But music's not at all a treat
For those who get it late and early.

The charms that soothe a savage breast
Have got a *vice versa* fashion

Of putting folks who have the best
 Of tempers in an awful passion.
 And, when it reached a certain stage,
 I must confess I could not stand it.
 I positively swore with rage
 And stamp'd and scowl'd like any bandit.

I paid my rent on quarter-day ;
 Pack'd up my luggage in a hurry,
 And, quick as lightning, fled away
 To other lodgings down in Surrey.
 I'm fairly warned—and not in vain,
 For one resolve that I have made is—
 Not to be domiciled again
 With any musical young ladies.

H. S. Leigh.

CROOKED ANSWERS

NO. I.—VERE DE VERE

THE Lady Clara V. de V.
 Presents her very best regards
 To that misguided Alfred T.
 (With one of her enamell'd cards).
 Though uninclin'd to give offence,
 The Lady Clara begs to hint
 That Master Alfred's common sense
 Deserts him utterly in print.

The Lady Clara can but say,
 That always from the very first,
 She snubb'd in her decisive way
 The hopes that silly Alfred nurs'd.

The fondest words that ever fell
From Lady Clara, when they met,
Were 'How d'ye do? I hope you're well,'
Or else 'The weather's very wet!'

To show a disregard for truth
By penning scurrilous attacks,
Appears to Lady C. in sooth
Like stabbing folks behind their backs.
The age of chivalry, she fears,
Is gone for good, since noble dames
Who irritate low sonneteers
Get pelted with improper names.

The Lady Clara cannot think
What kind of pleasure can accrue
From wasting paper, pens, and ink,
On statements the reverse of true.
If Master Launcelot, one fine day,
(Urg'd on by madness or by malt,)
Destroy'd himself—can Alfred say
That Lady Clara was in fault?

Her ladyship needs no advice
How time and money should be spent,
And can't pursue at any price
The plan that Alfred T. has sent.
She does not in the least object
To let the 'foolish yeoman' go,
But wishes—let him recollect—
That he should move to Jericho.

H. S. Leigh.

NO. 11.—MAUD

NAY, I cannot come into the garden just now,
Tho' it vexes me much to refuse :
But I *must* have the next set of waltzes, I vow,
With Lieutenant De Boots of the Blues.

I am sure you'll be heartily pleased when you hear
That our ball has been quite a success.
As for *me*—I've been looking a monster, my dear,
In that old fashion'd guy of a dress.

You had better at once hurry home, dear, to bed,
It is getting so dreadfully late.
You may catch the bronchitis or cold in the head
If you linger so long at the gate.

Don't be obstinate, Alf: come, take my advice—
For I know you're in want of repose.
Take a basin of gruel (you'll find it *so* nice)
And remember to tallow your nose.

No, I tell you I can't and I shan't get away,
For De Boots has implor'd me to sing.
As to *you*—if you like it, of course you can stay ;
You were always an obstinate thing.

If you feel it a pleasure to talk to the flow'rs
About 'babble and revel and wine,'
When you might have been snoring for two or
three hours,
Why, it's not the least business of mine.

H. S. Leigh.

OCTOPUS

Written at the Crystal Palace Aquarium, by Algernon Charles Sin-burn.

STRANGE beauty, eight-limbed and eight-handed,
Whence camest to dazzle our eyes?

With thy bosom bespangled and banded

With the hues of the seas and the skies ;

Is thy home European or Asian,

Oh mystical monster marine?

Part molluscous and partly crustacean,

Betwixt and between.

Wast thou born to the sound of sea-trumpets ;

Hast thou eaten and drunk to excess

Of the sponges—thy muffins and crumpets,

Of the seaweed—thy mustard and cress?

Wast thou nurtured in caverns of coral,

Remote from reproof or restraint?

Art thou innocent, art thou immoral,

Sinburnian or Saint?

Lithe limbs, curling free, as a creeper

That creeps in a desolate place,

To enrol and envelop the sleeper

In a silent and stealthy embrace ;

Cruel beak craning forward to bite us,

Our juices to drain and to drink,

Or to whelm us in waves of Cocytus'

Indelible ink !

Oh breast, that 'twere rapture to writhe on !

Oh arms 'twere delicious to feel

Clinging close with the crush of the Python,
 When she maketh her murderous meal !
 In thy eight-fold embraces enfolden
 Let our empty existence escape ;
 Give us death that is glorious and golden,
 Crushed all out of shape !

Ah thy red lips, lascivious and luscious,
 With death in their amorous kiss !
 Cling round us, and clasp us, and crush us
 With bitings of agonised bliss ;
 We are sick with the poison of pleasure,
 Dispense us the potion of pain ;
 Ope thy mouth to its uttermost measure,
 And bite us again !

A. C. Hilton.¹

THE LOVE-LETTER

'J'ai vu les mœurs de mon temps, et j'ai publié cette lettre.'—
La Nouvelle Héloïse.

If this should fail, why then I scarcely know
 What could succeed. Here's brilliancy (and
 banter),
 Byron *ad lib.*, a chapter of Rousseau ;—
 If this should fail, then *tempora mutantur* ;
 Style's out of date, and love, as a profession,
 Acquires no aid from beauty of expression.

¹ Arthur Clements Hilton, of St John's College, Cambridge, took his B.A.² degree in 1873, and died shortly afterwards. As an undergraduate he brought out, in May and November 1872, two numbers of a periodical entitled 'The Light Green,' the whole contents of which were written by himself. In the first number appeared the admirable parody here given.

'The men who think as I, I fear, are few,'
(Cynics would say 'twere well if they were fewer);

'I am not what I seem,'—(indeed, 'tis true;
Though, as a sentiment, it might be newer);

'Mine is a soul whose deeper feeling lie
More deep than words'—(as these exemplify);

'I will not say when first your beauty's sun
Illumed my life,'—(it needs imagination);

'For me to see you and to love were one,'—
(This will account for some precipitation);

'Let it suffice that worship more devoted
Ne'er throbbed,' *et cætera*. The rest is quoted.

'If Love can look with all-prophetic eye,'—
(Ah, if he could, how many would be single!)

'If truly spirit unto spirit cry,'—
(The ears of some most terribly must tingle!)

'Then I have dreamed you will not turn your
face.'

This next, I think, is more than commonplace.

'Why should we speak, if Love, interpreting,
Forestall the speech with favour found before?

Why should we plead?—it were an idle thing,
If Love himself be Love's ambassador!'

Blot, as I live! Shall we erase it?—No:—

'Twill show we write *currente calamo*.

'My fate,—my fortune, I commit to you,'—
(In point of fact, the latter's not extensive);

'Without you I am poor indeed,' (strike through,
'Tis true but crude—'twould make her apprehensive);

‘ My life is yours—I lay it at your feet,’
(Having no choice but Hymen or the Fleet).

‘ Give me the right to stand within the shrine,
Where never yet my faltering feet intruded ;
Give me the right to call you wholly mine,’—
(That is, Consols and Three-per-Cents. included) ;

‘ To guard your rest from every care that cankers,—
To keep your life,’—(and balance at your
banker’s).

‘ Compel me not to long for your reply ;
Suspense makes havoc with the mind’—(and
muscles) ;

‘ Winged Hope takes flight,’ (which means that
I must fly,

Default of funds, to Paris or to Brussels) ;
‘ I cannot wait ! My own, my queen—Priscilla !
Write by return.’ And *now* for a Manilla !

‘ Miss Blank,’ at ‘ Blank.’ Jemima, let it go ;
And I, meanwhile, will idle with ‘ Sir Walter ’ ;
Stay, let me keep the first rough copy, though—
‘ Twill serve again. There’s but the name to
alter,

And Love,—that starves,—must knock at every
portal,

In formâ pauperis. We are but mortal !

Austin Dobson.

DORA *VERSUS* ROSE

'The case is proceeding.'

FROM the tragic-est novels at Mudie's—

At least, on a practical plan—

To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,

One love is enough for a man.

But no case that I ever yet met is

Like mine: I am equally fond

Of Rose, who a charming brunette is,

And Dora, a blonde.

Each rivals the other in powers—

Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints—

Miss Rose, chiefly tumble-down towers;

Miss Do., perpendicular saints.

In short, to distinguish is folly;

'Twixt the pair I am come to the pass

Of Macheath, between Lucy and Polly,—

Or Buridan's ass.

If it happens that Rosa I've singled

For a soft celebration in rhyme,

Then the ringlets of Dora get mingled

Somehow with the tune and the time;

Or I painfully pen me a sonnet

To an eyebrow intended for Do.'s,

And behold I am writing upon in

The legend, 'To Rose.'

Or I try to draw Dora (my blotter

Is all overscrawled with her head)

If I fancy at last that I've got her,

It turns to her rival instead;

Or I find myself placidly adding
 To the rapturous tresses of Rose
 Miss Dora's bud-mouth, and her madding,
 Ineffable nose.

Was there ever so sad a dilemma?
 For Rose I would perish (*pro tem.*).
 For Dora I'd willingly stem a—
 (Whatever might offer to stem);
 But to make the invidious election,—
 To declare that on either one's side
 I've a scruple,—a grain, more affection
 I *cannot* decide.

And, as either so hopelessly nice is,
 My sole and my final resource
 Is to wait some indefinite crisis,—
 Some feat of molecular force,
 To solve me this riddle conducive
 By no means to peace or repose,
 Since the issue can scarce be inclusive
 Of Dora *and* Rose.

(*Afterthought*)

But, perhaps, if a third (say a Norah),
 Not quite so delightful as Rose,—
 Not wholly so charming as Dora,—
 Should appear, is it wrong to suppose,—
 As the claims of the others are equal,—
 And flight—in the main—is the best,—
 That I might . . . But no matter,—the sequel
 Is easily guessed.

: Austin Dobson.

A LEGACY

Ah, Postumus, we all must go :

This keen North-Easter nips my shoulder ;
My strength begins to fail ; I know
You find me older ;

I've made my Will. Dear, faithful friend—
My muse's friend and not my purse's !
Who still would hear, and still commend
My tedious verses,

How will you live—of these deprived ?
I've learned your candid soul. The venal,—
The sordid friend had scarce survived
A test so penal ;

But you—Nay, nay, 'tis so. The rest
Are not as you : you hide your merit ;
You, more than all, deserve the best
True friends inherit ;

Not gold—that hearts like yours despise ;
Not ' spacious dirt ' (your own expression) ;
No ; but the rarer, dearer prize—
The Life's Confession !

You catch my thought ? What ! Can't you
guess ?

You, you alone, admired my Cantos ;—
I've left you, P., my whole MS.,
In three portmanteaus !

Austin Dobson.

A SABINE FARM

To J. S.

'A SABINE farm!' Ah, would I knew,
 Dear S., of one at Barnes or Kew!
 Some 'neat retreat,'—in auction phrase,—
 Where one might nurture bees and bays!—
 A freehold, with the Thames in view!

Not mean the craft that I pursue:
 Still I could scarce, whate'er my due,
 Acquire—the Muse so meanly pays—
 A Sabine farm!

But you, benignant Friend and true,
 Whom corn makes rich as any Jew,
 Bethink you now, while summer stays,
 The bard should hear the linnet's lays;—
 How nice (for Me) 'twould be had you
 A Sabine farm!

*Austin Dobson.*THE FAMILY FOOL¹

OH! a private buffoon is a light-hearted loon,
 If you listen to popular rumour;
 From morning to night he's so joyous and bright,
 And he bubbles with wit and good humour!
 He's so quaint and so terse, both in prose and in
 verse;
 Yet though people forgive his transgression,

¹ From 'The Yeoman of the Guard.'

There are one or two rules that all Family Fools
Must observe if they love their profession.

There are one or two rules,
Half-a-dozen, maybe,
That all family fools,
Of whatever degree,
Must observe, if they love their profession.

If you wish to succeed as a jester, you'll need
To consider each person's auricular :

What is all right for B. would quite scandalize C.
(For C. is so very particular) ;

And D. may be dull, and E.'s very thick skull
Is as empty of brains as a ladle ;

While F. is F sharp, and will cry with a carp,
That he's known your best joke from his cradle !

When your humour they flout,
You can't let yourself go ;

And it *does* put you out

When a person says, ' Oh !

I have known that old joke from my cradle ! '

If your master is surly, from getting up early
(And tempers are short in the morning) ;

An inopportune joke is enough to provoke

Him to give you, at once, a month's warning.

Then if you refrain, he is at you again,

For he likes to get value for money,

He'll ask then and there, with an insolent stare,

' If you know that you're paid to be funny ? '

It adds to the tasks

Of a merryman's place,

When your principal asks,

With a scowl on his face,

If you know that you're paid to be funny ?

Comes a Bishop, maybe, or a solemn D.D.—

Oh! beware of his anger provoking!

Better not pull his hair—don't stick pins in his
chair;

He won't understand practical joking.

If the jests that you crack have an orthodox
smack,

You may get a bland smile from these sages;
But should it, by chance, be imported from France,
Half-a-crown is stopped out of your wages!

It's a general rule,

Though your zeal it may quench,
If the Family Fool

Makes a joke that's *too* French,
Half-a-crown is stopped out of his wages!

Though your head it may rack with a bilious
attack,

And your senses with toothache you're losing,
Don't be mopy and flat—they don't fine you for
that

If you're properly quaint and amusing!

Though your wife ran away with a soldier that
day,

And took with her your trifle of money;

Bless your heart, they don't mind—they're ex-
ceedingly kind—

They don't blame you—as long as you're funny!

It's a comfort to feel

If your partner should flit,

Though *you* suffer a deal,

They don't mind it a bit—

They don't blame you—so long as you're funny!

W. S. Gilbert.

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

By a Miserable Wretch.

ROLL on, thou ball, roll on !
Through pathless realms of Space
Roll on !

What though I'm in a sorry case ?
What though I cannot meet my bills ?
What though I suffer toothache's ills ?
What though I swallow countless pills ?
Never *you* mind !
Roll on !

Roll on, thou ball, roll on !
Through seas of inky air,
Roll on !

It's true I have no shirts to wear ;
It's true my butcher's bill is due ;
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you :
Never *you* mind !
Roll on !

W. S. Gilbert.

GENTLE ALICE BROWN

IT was a robber's daughter, and her name was
Alice Brown,
Her father was the terror of a small Italian town ;
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable old
thing ;
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to
sing.

As Alice was a-sitting at her window-sill one day
A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to pass
that way;

She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so
good and true,

That she thought, 'I could be happy with a
gentleman like you!'

And every morning passed her house that cream
of gentlemen,

She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto
ten,

A sorter in the Custom House it was his daily
road

(The Custom House was fifteen minutes' walk
from her abode).

But Alice was a pious girl and knew it was not
wise

To look at strange young sorters with expressive
purple eyes;

So she sought the village priest to whom her
family confessed—

The priest by whom their little sins were carefully
assessed.

'Oh holy father,' Alice said, ''twould grieve
you, would it not?

To discover that I was a most disreputable lot!

Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!'

The padre said 'Whatever have you been and
gone and done?'

'I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from
its dad,

I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad.

I've planned a little burglary and forged a little
cheque,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck !'

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a
silent tear—

And said ' You mustn't judge yourself too heavily,
my dear—

It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to
fleece ;

But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown
apiece.

' Girls will be girls—you're very young and flighty
in your mind ;

Old heads upon young shoulders we must not
expect to find :

We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish
tricks—

Let's see—five crimes at half a crown—exactly
twelve-and-six.'

' Oh father,' little Alice cried, ' your kindness
makes me weep,

You do these little things for me so singularly
cheap—

Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget ;

But oh, there is another crime I haven't men-
tioned yet !

' A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty purple
eyes,—

I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-catching
flies ;

He passes by it every day as certain as can be—
I blush to say I've winked at him, and he has
winked at me !

‘For shame,’ said Father Paul, ‘my erring
daughter ! On my word
This is the most distressing news that I have ever
heard.

Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has
pledged your hand
To a promising young robber, the lieutenant of his
band !

‘This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy
parents so !
They are the most remunerative customers I know ;
For many, many years they’ve kept starvation from
my doors,
I never knew so criminal a family as yours !

‘The common country folk in this insipid neigh-
bourhood
Have nothing to confess, they’re so ridiculously
good ;
And if you marry anyone respectable at all,
Why, you’ll reform, and what will then become
of Father Paul ?’

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl upon
his crown,
And started off in haste to tell the news to
Robber Brown ;
To tell him how his daughter, who was now for
marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good Robber Brown he muffled up his anger
pretty well,

He said, 'I have a notion, and that notion I will
tell ;

I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into
fits,

And get my gentle wife to chop him into little
bits.

'I've studied human nature, and I know a thing
or two ;

Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as
many do,

A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly
small.'

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban
square ;

He watched his opportunity and seized him
unaware ;

He took a life preserver and he hit him on the
head,

And Mrs Brown dissected him before she went
to bed.

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in her
mind,

She never more was guilty of a weakness of the
kind,

Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her
pretty hand

On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of
his band.

W. S. Gilbert.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE
MERMAIDS

I SING a legend of the sea,
So hard-a-port upon your lee !
A ship on starboard tack !
She's bound upon a private cruise—
(This is the kind of spice I use
To give a salt-sea smack).

Behold, on every afternoon
(Save in a gale or strong monsoon)
Great Captain Capel Cleggs
(Great morally, though rather short)
Sat at an open weather-port
And aired his shapely legs.

And mermaids hung around in flocks,
On cable chains and distant rocks,
To gaze upon those limbs ;
For legs like his, of flesh and bone,
Are things not generally known
To any Merman Timbs.

But Mermen didn't seem to care
Much time (as far as I'm aware)
With Cleggs's legs to spend ;
Though mermaids swam around all day
And gazed, exclaiming, ' That's the way
A gentleman should end !

' A pair of legs with well-cut knees
And calves and ankles such as these
Which we in rapture hail,

Are far more eloquent, it's clear,
When clothed in silk and kerseymere,
Than any nasty tail.'

And Cleggs—a worthy, kind old boy—
Rejoiced to add to others' joy
And (though he scarce knew why)
Because it pleased the lookers-on,
He sat there every day—though con-
stitutionally shy.

At first the Mermen sneered pooh-pooh,
But finally they jealous grew,
And sounded loud recalls;
But vainly. So these fishy males
Declared they too would clothe their tails,
In silken hose and smalls.

They set to work, these water-men,
And made their nether robes—but when
They drew with dainty touch
The kerseymere upon their tails,
They found it scraped against their scales,
And hurt them very much.

The silk, besides, with which they chose
To deck their tails, by way of hose
(They never thought of shoon),
For such a use was much too thin,—
It tore against the caudal fin
And 'went in ladders' soon.

So they designed another plan:
They sent their most seductive man
This note to Cleggs to show—

‘Our monarch sends to Captain Cleggs
His humble compliments, and begs
He’ll join him down below ;

‘We’ve pleasant homes below the sea—
Besides, if Captain Cleggs should be
(As our advices say)
A judge of Mermaids, he will find
Our lady-fish of every kind
Inspection will repay.’

Good Capel sent a kind reply,
For Capel thought he could descry
An admirable plan
To study all their ways and laws—
(But not their lady-fish, because
He was a married man).

The Merman sank—the Captain too
Jumped overboard, and dropped from view
Like stone from catapult ;
And when he reached the Merman’s lair
He certainly was welcomed there,
But ah ! with what result ?

They didn’t let him learn their law,
Or make a note of what he saw,
Or interesting mem. :
The lady-fish he couldn’t find,
But that, of course, he didn’t mind—
He didn’t come for them.

For though when Captain Capel sank
The Mermen drawn in double rank
Gave him a hearty hail ;

Yet when secure of Captain Cleggs,
They cut off both his lovely legs,
And gave him *such* a tail.

When Captain Cleggs returned aboard
His blithesome crew convulsive roar'd,
To see him altered so.
The Admiralty did insist
That he upon the Half-pay List
Immediately should go.

In vain declared the poor old salt,
'It's my misfortune—not my fault.'
With tear and trembling lip—
In vain poor Capel begged and begged—
'A man must be completely legged
Who rules a British ship.'

So spake the stern First Lord aloud—
He was a wag, though very proud,
And much rejoiced to say,
'You're only half a captain now—
And so, my worthy friend, I vow,
You'll only get half-pay!'

W. S. Gilbert.

BALLADE OF LITERARY FAME

'All these for Fourpence.'

OH, where are the endless Romances
Our grandmothers used to adore?
The knights with their helms and their lances,
Their shields and the favours they wore?

And the monks with their magical lore ?
 They have passed to Oblivion and *Nox*,
 They have fled to the shadowy shore,—
 They are all in the Fourpenny Box !

And where the poetical fancies
 Our fathers rejoiced in, of yore ?
 The lyric's melodious expanses,
 The epics in cantos a score,
 They have been and are not : no more
 Shall the shepherds drive silvery flocks,
 Nor the ladies their languors deplore,—
 They are all in the Fourpenny Box !

And the music ! The songs and the dances ?
 The tunes that time may not restore ?
 And the tomes where Divinity prances ?
 And the pamphlets where heretics roar ?
 They have ceased to be even a bore,—
 The Divine, and the Sceptic who mocks,—
 They are 'cropped,' they are 'foxed' to the core,
 They are all in the Fourpenny Box !

ENVOY.

Suns beat on them; tempests downpour,
 On the chest without cover or locks,
 Where they lie by the Bookseller's door,—
 They are *all* in the Fourpenny Box !

A. Lang.

BALLADE OF SUMMER

WHEN strawberry pottles are common and cheap,
 Ere elms be black, or limes be sere,

When midnight dances are murdering sleep,
 Then comes in the sweet o' the year !
 And far from Fleet Street, far from here,
 The Summer is Queen in the length of the land,
 And moonlight nights they are soft and clear,
 When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand

When clamour that doves in the lindens keep
 Mingles with musical plash of the weir,
 When drowned green tresses of crow's-foot creep,
 Then comes in the sweet o' the year !
 And better a crust and a beaker of beer,
 With rose-hung hedges on either hand,
 Than a palace in town and a prince's cheer,
 When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand !

When big trout late in the twilight leap,
 When cuckoo clamoureth far and near,
 When glittering scythes in the hayfield reap,
 Then comes in the sweet o' the year !
 And it's oh to sail, with the wind to steer,
 Where kine knee deep in the water stand,
 On a Highland loch, on a Lowland mere,
 When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand !

ENVOY.

Friend, with the fops while we dawdle here,
 Then comes in the sweet o' the year !
 And the Summer runs out, like grains of sand,
 When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand !

A. Lang.

BALLADE OF MIDDLE AGE

OUR youth began with tears and sighs,
 With seeking what we could not find ;
 Our verses all were threnodies,
 In elegiacs still we whined ;
 Our ears were deaf, our eyes were blind,
 We sought and knew not what we sought.
 We marvel, now we look behind :
 Life's more amusing than we thought !

Oh, foolish youth, untimely wise !
 Oh, phantoms of the sickly mind !
 What ? not content with seas and skies,
 With rainy clouds and southern wind,
 With common cares and faces kind,
 With pains and joys each morning brought ?
 Ah, old, and worn, and tired we find
 Life's more amusing than we thought !

Though youth 'turns spectre-thin and dies,'
 To mourn for youth we're not inclined ;
 We set our souls on salmon flies,
 We whistle where we once repined.
 Confound the woes of human-kind !
 By Heaven we're 'well deceived' I wot ;
 Who hum, contented or resigned,
 'Life's more amusing than we thought !'

ENVOY.

O *nate mecum*, worn and lined
 Our faces show, but *that* is naught ;
 Our hearts are young 'neath wrinkled rind :
 Life's more amusing than we thought !

Andrew Lang.

MIST

Written under the influence of Wordsworth.

MIST, though I love thee not, who puttest down
Trout in the lochs, (they feed not, as a rule,
At least on fly, in mere or river-pool
Where fogs have fallen, and the air is lower,
And on each Ben, a pillow not a crown,
The fat folds rest,) thou, Mist, hast power to cool
The blatant declamations of the fool
Who raves reciting through the heather brown.

Much do I vow the matron, man, or lass
Who cries, 'How lovely!' and who does not spare
When light and shadow on the mountain pass—
Shadow, and light, and gleams exceeding fair,
O'er rock, and glade, and glen—to shout, the Ass,
To me, to me the Poet—'Oh, look there!'

A. Lang.

A SONG OF THE ROAD

THE gauger walked with willing foot,
And aye the gauger played the flute;
And what should Master Gauger play
But *Over the hills and far away?*¹

Whene'er I buckle on my pack
And foot it gaily in the track,
O pleasant gauger, long since dead,
I hear you fluting on ahead.

¹ 'Over the hills and far away' is a song in John Gay's 'The Beggar's Opera.'

You go with me the self-same way—
The self-same air for me you play ;
For I do think and so do you
It is the tune to travel to.

For who would gravely set his face
To go to this or t'other place ?
There's nothing under Heav'n so blue
That's fairly worth the travelling to.

On every hand the roads begin,
And people walk with zeal therein ;
But wheresoe'er the highways tend,
Be sure there's nothing at the end.

Then follow you, wherever hie
The travelling mountains of the sky.
Or let the streams in civil mode
Direct your choice upon a road ;

For one and all, or high or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go ;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away !

R. L. Stevenson.

TO MINNIE

(With a hand glass).

A PICTURE-FRAME for you to fill,
A paltry setting for your face,
A thing that has no worth until
You lend it something of your grace.

I send (unhappy I that sing
Laid by awhile upon the shelf)
Because I would not send a thing
Less charming than you are yourself.

And happier than I, alas !
(Dumb thing, I envy its delight)
'Twill wish you well, the looking-glass,
And look you in the face to-night.

R. L. Stevenson.

A RETRIEVER'S EPITAPH

BENEATH this turf, that formerly he pressed
With agile feet, a Dog is laid to rest ;
Him, as he sleeps, no well-known sound shall stir,
The rabbit's patter or the pheasant's whirr ;
The keeper's ' Over ! '—far, but well defined,
That speeds the startled partridge down the wind ;
The whistled warning, as the winged ones rise
Large and more large upon our straining eyes,
Till with a swoop, while every nerve is tense,
The chattering covey hurtles o'er the fence ;
The double crack of every lifted gun ;
The dinting thud of birds whose course is done—
These sounds, delightful to his listening ear,
He heeds no longer, for he cannot hear.
None stauncher, till the drive was done, defied
Temptation, rooted to his master's side ;
None swifter, when his master gave the word,
Leapt on his course to track the running bird,
And bore it back—ah, many a time and oft !—
His nose as faultless as his mouth was soft.
How consciously, how proudly unconcerned

Straight to his master's side he then returned,
 Wagged a glad tail and deemed himself repaid,
 As in that master's hand the bird he laid ;
 If, while a word of praise was duly said,
 The hand should stroke his smooth and honest
 head.

Through Spring and Summer, in the sportless days,
 Cheerful he lived a life of simpler ways :
 Chose, since official dogs at times unbend,
 The household cat for confidante and friend ;
 With children, friendly but untaught to fawn,
 Romped through the walks and rollicked on the
 lawn ;

Rejoiced, if one the frequent ball should throw,
 To fetch it, scampering gaily to and fro,
 Content through every change of sportive mood
 If one dear voice, one only, called him good.
 Such was my Dog, who now without my aid
 Hunts through the shadow-land, himself a shade ;
 Or, couched intent before some ghostly gate,
 Waits for my step, as here he used to wait.

R. C. Lehmann.

TITANIA :

By Lord T — N.

So bluff Sir Leolin gave the bride away :
 And when they married her, the little church
 Had seldom seen a costlier ritual.
 The coach-and-pair alone were two-pound-ten,
 And two-pound-ten apiece the wedding cakes ;—
 Three wedding-cakes. A cupid poised a-top
 Of each hung shivering to the frosted loves

Of two fond cushats on a field of ice,
As who should say, 'I see you!'—Such the joy
When English-hearted Edwin swore his faith
With Mariana of the Moated Grange.

For Edwin, plump head-waiter at the Cock,
Grown sick of custom, spoilt of plenitude,
Lacking the finer wit that saith, 'I wait,
They come; and if I make them wait, they go,'
Fell in a jaundiced humour petulant-green,
Watched the dull clerk slow-rounding to his
cheese,
Flicked a full dozen flies that flecked the pane—
All crystal-heated of the fuller air,
Blurted a free 'Good-day t'ye,' left and right,
And shaped his gathering choler to this head:—

'Custom! And yet what profit of it all?
The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
To me small change, and this the counter-change
Of custom beating on the self-same bar—
Change out of chop. Ah me! the talk, the tip,
The would-be-evening should-be-mourning suit,
The forged solicitude for petty wants
More petty still than they,—all these I loathe,
Learning they lie who feign that all things come
To him that waiteth. I have waited long,
And now I go, to mate me with a bride
Who is aweary waiting, even as I!'

But when the amorous moon of honeycomb
Was over, ere the matron-flower of Love—
Step-sister of To-morrow's marmalade—
Swooned scentless, Mariana found her lord

Did something jar the nicer feminine sense
 With usage, being all too fine and large,
 Instinct of warmth and colour, with a trick
 Of blunting 'Mariana's' keener edge
 To 'Mary Ann'—the same but not the same :
 Whereat she girded, tore her crisped hair,
 Called him 'Sir Churl,' and ever calling 'Churl !'
 Drave him to Science, then to Alcohol,
 To forge a thousand theories of the rocks,
 Then somewhat else for thousands dewy cool,
 Wherewith he sought a more Pacific isle
 And there found love, a duskier love than hers.

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

JUNIPER JEM¹

A Poem for the use of the Young Reciter.

*(Flick your right boot with the whip, and dash
 impetuously at the first line.)*

I

YES ! *(aggressively, as if somebody had just implied
 that it wasn't)* Steeple-chasing is stirring sport
 —and the most exciting events of all
 Are at Purlingham Park, when the field is large,
 and the ditches deep, and the fences tall,
 And I for one shall never forget—till my brain is
 blurred and my eyes are dim,
*(Pass hand over eyes and blink, with just a
 suggestion of pathos.)*

¹ From 'Mr Punch's Young Reciter,' reprinted by permission of Messrs Bradbury, Agnew & Co.

The day that Dot and Go One was steered by
an infant hero—(*with a burst of candour*)
Juniper Jem!

(*Quieter explanatory manner for next two lines.*)

II

Robert Roper was down to ride, and we'd backed
his mount, for he knew the course,
And, gad! he'd have managed to romp in first if
they put him up on a rocking-horse!
But out of the paddock the horses filed—and a
murmur ran: 'It is Roper's son!
Why, where the dickens can Robert be, that he's
not in charge of Dot and Go One?'

III

And the devotees of 'The Ring and the Book'
said many a swear as they saw the lad:
While some declared that the bets were off; and
all considered the outlook bad.
For Dot and Go One—though a grand old gee
—was a trifle groggy in wind and limb,
And we feared he would never run up to his form,
with a child on his back like Juniper Jem.
(*Shake your head apprehensively.*)

IV

Now—Roper, it happened, was under a cloud, and
the Stewards had given him notice to quit,
For (*apologetically*) a little artistic 'arrangement
in oils' he'd endeavoured to paint on the
favourite's bit.

‘They might ha’ waited!’ his trainer cried,
 ‘and warned him off when the race was
 run,

For where’s the party to take his place, and per-
 form as pilot to Dot and Go One?’

(Gaze round the room despairingly.)

V

(Lower key.) And the silence answered—for no
 one spoke, till *(brighten up here)*—just as the
 last faint hope had gone—

Came *(in a tone of wondering pity)* a chit of seven,
 and said: ‘I’ll try! *(pathetically)* I am only
 a child, but *(with modest confidence)*—I can
 stick on!

See, I’ve donned my father’s jacket and cap—his
 cords encircle my legs so slim,

They are undersized *(with childish frankness)*, I
 was nursed on gin—which is why they call
 me Juniper Jem.

VI

‘But, in spite of my size and tender years, though
 I’ve seldom been on a horse before,

I’ll keep in the saddle, whatever befalls—and the
 finest horseman can do no more!

And the simple boon that I crave of you, when
 the post is passed and my duty done,

Is—my father’s pardon!’ *(pause — then im-*
pulsively) . . . ‘A Bargain, boy!’ *(second*
pause—then quietly) so they hoisted him upon
 Dot and Go One.

VII

(*Historic present for following stanzas. Let your delivery be rapid, brilliant, illustrated, graphic, sporting AND dramatic—and you can't possibly fail.*)

He has come into line with the pick of the field,
with the chestnut, the bay, and the straw-
berry roan,

(*With an air of gradual identification*)

The Stiff'un, and Catsmeat, Polonia's Pride, and
Titupping Tommy, and Second Trombone.

Now they're off with a jump at the fall of the flag,
and the heather-topped hurdles (*Do mind your
h's here, or you may come a cropper over those
hurdles*) they airily skim.

But the boy! (*Bend forward and strain your eyes
eagerly—then with irrepressible enthusiasm*)
Like a leech to the pigskin he sticks! And
we shout to him, 'Bravo, Juniper Jem!'

(*'Brio' here if you can manage it and know
what it is.*)

VIII

One's down! It is Catsmeat (*excitedly*); she's
made a mistake—she has touched her timber,
she's into the ditch!

See, little Bill Larrup is getting the lead, and urging
the Stiff'un with spur and with switch,

(*Work both arms here like a jockey, or a large bird.*)

But (*in trembling accents*) we haven't the heart to
look at the child—why, it's Gunter's Shop
to a penny bun

We shall see him off at the Water-jump!—for he
doesn't seem happy on Dot and Go One!

IX

(Lower your voice, intense anxiety, vivid facial expression, all your features working hard.)

They are close at it now, and (*groan*) his stirrups are lost, and—merciful powers! what *is* he about?

(Agonised glance at front row of audience here.)

There! what did I *tell* you? the pair of 'em in—
and it's odds if a pair of 'em ever come out!

But (*pointing*)—wonder of wonders! look—Dot
and Go One has scrambled out—and on top
of him,

Damp and draggled, but sticking tight (*laugh here hysterically*), like a game little limpet is Juniper Jem!

X

Coughing and wheezing they canter on; there's
an awkward post and rails to be passed,

See, the Stiff 'un has shirked—he refuses . . .
twice—and the second time little Bill Larrup
is grassed.

'Tis the boy's turn now—and we hold our breath,
and we watch for the daylight . . . (*Pause*).

(With a cry of delighted astonishment) By
Jove! there's *none*

'Twixt the baggy buckskins of Juniper Jem, and
the slippery saddle of Dot and Go One!

(Quiet down again.)

XI

And the gallant grey is galumphing on, like the
scion true of a rare old stock,

(For isn't he brother to Creepie Stool and stable-companion to Golden Crock?).

There's a brook in front—but he plunges in and strikes out boldly—he's game to swim.

(*Not that horses do strike out—in the water at least—but what does it matter in a Recitation?*)

And he's shaking himself on the opposite side—but he can't shake off young Juniper Jem!

XII

There are only a couple ahead of him now, and he shamles up with his raking stride;

And the poor old Trombone's beginning to blow, as he pants in the rear of Polonia's Pride.

She is over the five-foot fence like a frog—but the Trombone's down, and out of the fun;

(*Put both hands to mouth and yell*) Now—cram him at it, Juniper Jem! (*Relieved*) Well, he's done it *somehow* on Dot and Go One!

XIII

One more—and the finish. They're neck and neck. (*With acute disgust*) Why, hang it *all*—they will muff the mound!

Polonia's Pride goes down on her knees (*joy*), and our noble grey has his nose on the ground (*horror*).

(*Pause—then in triumph*) But he's up the first—with the boy on his back, though we cannot call his condition trim,

(*Dubiously*) And he certainly *has* a peculiar seat—but he sticks to the saddle, does Juniper Jem!

XIV

There's a roar from the Ring, and a shout from the
 Stand, as they bucket by with a final burst ;
 For the mare is beaten by half a head, and the
 clever old grey is at home the first !
 And the crowd are cheering the pallid child, as he
 capless sits in the burning sun,
 ' Hip, hip, hooray ! for the infant pluck that has
 scored a win with Dot and Go One ! '

XV

But the boy replies with a gentle smile : (*keep
 this very sweet and modest*) ' I thank you
 all—I have done my part,
 Now I claim the guerdon—a Father's name is
 dear indeed to his Offspring's heart ! '
 (*Very tender and sympathetic for this next line.*)
 And the very Stewards are softened now, and the
 unshed tears to their eyelids brim,
 As they pardon Roper his little ruse, for the sake
 of their promise to Juniper Jem.

XVI

Then we all of us rush to embrace the lad, and
 to lift him down—(*In a tone of extreme
 surprise*)—But we strain our backs !
 And the child explains, with a simple glee, that
 he's rubbed the saddle with cobbler's wax.
 (*Pause—then in challenge*)
 ' With such a precaution,' the cynic sneers,
 ' what danger was there—to seek or shun ? '
 (*Affect to ponder over this objection for a
 moment, and then dismiss it with a ringing
 inflection of good-humoured contempt.*)

Well—the answer to *that* is—Try it yourself—at
Purlingham Park, on Dot and Go One!

*(If you cannot bring the house down with
this, you had better give up reciting altogether,
and come out at a matinée as Hamlet.)*

F. Anstey.

BLUE BUT COMELY

She knows about the apteryx,
She knows about the moa,
And other beasts who played their tricks
Before the days of Noah :
She has a heap of things to say
On pre-historic strata,
And draws conclusions straight away
From any given data.

She joins—with very few mistakes—
In scientific chatter,
Most apposite remark she makes
On proto-plasmic matter ;
Her intellect is so acute
She deems herself commissioned
To tell us why the Absolute
Is always Unconditioned.

She carves her way through any crux
Howe'er that crux affright us,
She makes allusions to the 'flux'
Observed by Heraclitus ;
She quotes, with quite a knowing air,
From almost any classic ;
She gaily calls *Vin Ordinaire*
'Falernian' or 'Massic.'

She disbelieves the common creed,
 The orthodox incense her :
 She tells them that they ought to read
 The works of Herbert Spencer.
 The plant of scepticism grows
 Within her bosom gaily,
 She elevates her charming nose
 In scorn of Dr Paley.

But yet she sits the lancers out
 Behind the oleander,
 She whispers pretty things about
 The Troad and Scamander ;
 And on the conversation runs
 From chemistry to conics,
 From foreign politics to puns,
 From Plato to platonics.

She lets me hold her little hand,
 Like simpler-minded misses,
 She even seems to understand
 The ways and means of kisses.
 Then why—I wait an answer—why
 Do matrons murmur ‘ shocking ! ’
 Because she never bakes a pie
 And hates to darn a stocking ?
Francis Gribble.

TO CELIA

(Who refuses to be drawn into an argument).

DEAR, if you carelessly agree,
 With that so irritating air,

To every word that falls from me—
Dear, if you care

To drive a lover to despair
With bland 'Oh, yes,' and 'Ah, I see,'—
Why, do it, if you like—so there!

It vindicates my theory
No woman's wise as well as fair;
And yet . . . how clever you can be,
Dear, if you care!

E. H. Lacon Watson.

THE BALLADE OF THE INCOM- PETENT BALLADE MONGER

I AM not ambitious at all :
I am not a poet, I know
(Though I do love to see a mere scrawl
To order and symmetry grow).
My muse is uncertain and slow,
I am not expert with my tools,
I lack the poetic *argot* :
But I hope I have kept to the rules.

When your brain is undoubtedly small,
'Tis hard, sir, to write in a row,
Some five or six rhymes to Nepaul,
And more than a dozen to Joe :
The metre is easier though,
'Three rhymes are sufficient for 'ghouls,'
My lines are deficient in go,
But I hope I have kept to the rules.

Unable to fly let me crawl,
 Your patronage kindly bestow,
 I am not the author of Saul,
 I am not Voltaire or Rousseau :
 I am not desirous, oh no !
 To rise from the ranks of the fools,
 To shine with Gosse, Dobson & Co. :
 But I hope I have kept to the rules.

Dear sir, though my language is low,
 Let me dip in Pierian pools :
 My verses are only so so,
 But I hope I have kept to the rules.

J. K. Stephen.

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

(From her point of view).

WHEN I had firmly answered ' No,'
 And he allowed that that was so,
 I really thought I should be free,
 For good and all from Mr B.,
 And that he would soberly acquiesce :
 I said that it would be discreet
 That for a while we should not meet ;
 I promised I would always feel
 A kindly interest in his weal ;
 I thanked him for his amorous zeal ;
 In short, I said all I could but ' Yes.'

I said what I'm accustomed to,
 I acted as I always do ;
 I promised he should find in me

A friend—a sister, if that might be:

But he was still dissatisfied:

He certainly was most polite,

He said exactly what was right,

He acted very properly,

Except indeed for this, that he

Insisted on inviting me

To come with him for 'one more last ride.'

A little while in doubt I stood:

A ride, no doubt, would do me good:

I had a habit and a hat

Extremely well worth looking at:

The weather was distinctly fine:

My horse too wanted exercise,

And time, when one is riding, flies:

Besides it really seemed, you see,

The only way of ridding me

Of pertinacious Mr B.:

So my head I graciously incline.

I won't say much of what happened next,

I own I was extremely vexed;

Indeed I should have been aghast

If anyone had seen what passed:

But nobody need ever know

That, as I leaned forward to stir the fire,

He advanced before I could well retire,

And I suddenly felt, to my great alarm,

The grasp of a warm, unlicensed arm,

An embrace in which I found no charm:

I was awfully glad when he let me go.

Then we began to ride: my steed

Was rather fresh, too fresh indeed,

And at first I thought of little, save
The way to escape an early grave,
As the dust rose up on either side.
My stern companion jogged along
On a brown old cob both broad and strong :
He looked as he does when he's writing verse,
Or endeavouring not to swear and curse,
Or wondering where he has left his purse,
Indeed it was a sombre ride.

I spoke of the weather to Mr B. ;
But he neither listened nor spoke to me ;
I praised his horse, and I smiled the smile,
Which was wont to move him once on a while ;
I said I was wearing his favourite flowers :
But I wasted my words on the desert air,
For he rode with a fixed and gloomy stare :
I wonder what he was thinking about :
It was something subtle and deep, no doubt,
A theme to detain a man for hours.

Ah ! there was the corner where Mr S.,
So nearly induced me to whisper ' Yes ' :
And here it was that the next but one
Proposed on horseback, or would have done,
Had his horse not most opportunely shied ;
Which perhaps was due to the unseen flick
He received from my whip : 'twas a scurvy trick,
But I never could do with that young man :
I hope his present young woman can :
Well, I must say, never, since time began,
Did I go for a duller or longer ride.

He never smiles and he never speaks :
He might go on like this for weeks,

He rolls a slightly frenzied eye
Towards the blue and burning sky,
And the cob bounds on with tireless stride.
If we aren't at home for lunch at two,
I don't know what papa will do;
But I know full well he will say to me,
'I never approved of Mr B.:
It's the very devil that you and he
Ride, ride together, for ever ride.'

J. K. Stephen.

A SONNET

Two voices are there : one is of the deep ;
It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep :
And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,
And indicates that two and one are three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains
steep :

And, Wordsworth, both are thine : at certain times
Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes,
The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst :
At other times—good Lord ! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A B C
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst.

J. K. Stephen.

QUIETA MOVERE

'Any leap in the dark is better than standing still.'
—*New Proverb.*

TALK not to us of the joys of the Present,
Say not what is undoubtedly best :
Never be ours to be merely quiescent—
Anything, everything rather than rest !

Placid prosperity bores us and vexes :
What if philosophers, Latin and Greek
Say that well-being's a Status and *'Eξίς*,
Nothing should please you for more than a week.

Tinkering, doctoring, shifting, deranging,
Urged by a constant satiety on,
Ever the new for the newer exchanging,
Hazarding ever the gains we have won—

Only perpetual flux can delight us,
Blown like a billow by winds of the sea :
Still let us bow to the shrine of St Vitus—
Vite Sanctissime, ora pro me !

Pray, that when leaps in the darkness uncaring
End in a fall (as they probably will),
Mine be the credit for valiantly daring,
Others be charged with defraying the bill !
A. D. Godley.

VERNAL VERSES

WHEN early worms began to crawl, and early birds
to sing,

And frost, and mud, and snow, and rain proclaimed
the jocund Spring,
Its all-pervading influence the Poet's soul obeyed—
He made a song to greet the Spring, and this is
what he made :—

They sadly lacked enlightenment, our ancestors
of old,
Who used to suffer simply from an ordinary cold :
But we, of Science' mysteries less ignorant by far,
Have nothing less distinguished than a Bronchial
Catarrh !

O when your head's a lump of lead and nought
can do but sneeze :—
Whene'er in turn you freeze and burn, and then
you burn and freeze :—
It does not mean you're going to die, although
you think you are—
These are the primal symptoms of a Bronchial
Catarrh.

And when you've taken drugs and pills, and stayed
indoors a week,
Yet still your chest with pain opprest will hardly
let you speak :
Amid your darksome miseries be this your guiding
star—
'Tis simply the remainder of a Bronchial Catarrh.

In various ways do various men invite misfortune's
rods,—
Some row within their College boat, some Logic
read for Mods. :

But oh! of all the human ills our happiness that
mar

I do not know the equal of a Bronchial Catarrh!

A. D. Godley.

TO JULIA IN SHOOTING TOGS

And a Herrickose vein.

WHEN as to shoot my Julia goes,
Then, then (methinks), how bravely shows
That rare arrangement of her clothes!

So shot as when the Huntress Maid
With thumping buskin bruised the glade,
She moveth, making earth afraid.

Against the sting of random chaff
Her leathern gaiters circle half
The arduous crescent of her calf.

Unto th' occasion timely fit,
My love's attire doth show her wit,
And of her legs a little bit.

Sorely it sticketh in my throat,
She having nowhere to bestow't,
To name the absent petticoat.

In lieu whereof a wanton pair
Of knickerbockers she doth wear,
Full windy and with space to spare.

Enlargéd by the bellying breeze,
Lord! how they playfully do ease
The urgent knocking of her knees!

Lengthways curtailed to her taste
 A tunic circumvents her waist,
 And soothly it is passing chaste.

Upon her head she hath a gear
 Even such as wights of ruddy cheer
 Do use in stalking of the deer.

Haply her truant tresses mock
 Some coronal of shapelier block,
 To wit, the bounding billy-cock.

Withal she hath a loaded gun,
 Whereat the pheasants, as they run,
 Do make a fair diversion.

For very awe, if so she shoots,
 My hair upriseth from the roots,
 And lo! I tremble in my boots!

Owen Seaman.

TO AN OLD FOGEY

Who contends that Christmas is played out.

O FRANKLY bald and obviously stout!

And so you find that Christmas, as a fête
 Dispassionately viewed is getting out
 Of date.

The studied festal air is overdone;

The humour of it grows a little thin;

You fail, in fact, to gather where the fun
 Comes in.

Visions of very heavy meals arise
That tend to make your organism shiver ;
Roast beef that irks, and pies that agonise
The liver ;

Those pies at which you annually wince,
Hearing the tale how happy months will follow
Proportioned to the total mass of mince
You swallow.

Visions of youth whose reverence is scant,
Who with the brutal *verve* of boyhood's prime
Insist on being taken to the pant-
omime.

Of infants, sitting up extremely late,
Who run you on toboggans down the stair ;
Or make you fetch a rug and simulate
A bear.

This takes your faultless trousers at the knees,
The other hurts them rather more behind ;
And both effect a fracture in your ease
Of mind.

My good dyspeptic, this will never do ;
Your weary withers must be sadly wrung !
Yet once I well believe that even you
Were young.

Time was, when you devoured, like other boys,
Plum-pudding sequent on a turkey-hen ;
With cracker-mottos hinting on the joys
Of men.

Time was when 'mid the maidens you would pull
The fiery raisin with profound delight ;
When sprigs of mistletoe seemed beautiful
And right.

Old Christmas changes not ! Long, long ago
He won the treasure of eternal youth ;
Yours is the dotage—if you want to know
The truth.

Come, now, I'll cure your case, and ask no fee—
Make others' happiness this once your own ;
All else may pass : that joy can never be
Outgrown.

Owen Seaman.

ENVOI

*Ere the play was done, with the frolic and fun and
laughter of childish joys,
In the midst of the game the old Nurse came to take
us away from our toys,
Put us, all unwilling, to bed, peacefully there to rest ;*

*Loth as we were to be carried there, ready enough
; to rebel*

*At leaving our play and the light of day and the toys
that we loved so well,*

*How we slept when the weary head again the pillow
had pressed !*

*Still we sigh as the night draws nigh, children of
larger growth,*

*Holding as dear our playthings here, to leave them
equally loth,*

*And still the Nurse, kind Nature, comes when
shadows begin to creep ;*

*Bidding us leave, howe'er we grieve, the follies that
charmed awhile,*

*Taking our hand through the dusky land with a
sweet, ineffable smile,*

*Soothing, caressing the tired brow, as we close our
eyes . . . and sleep.*

A. C. D.

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Sedley, but she swallowed her mortification as well as she had the abominable curry before it, and as soon as she could speak, said, with a comical, good-humoured air—

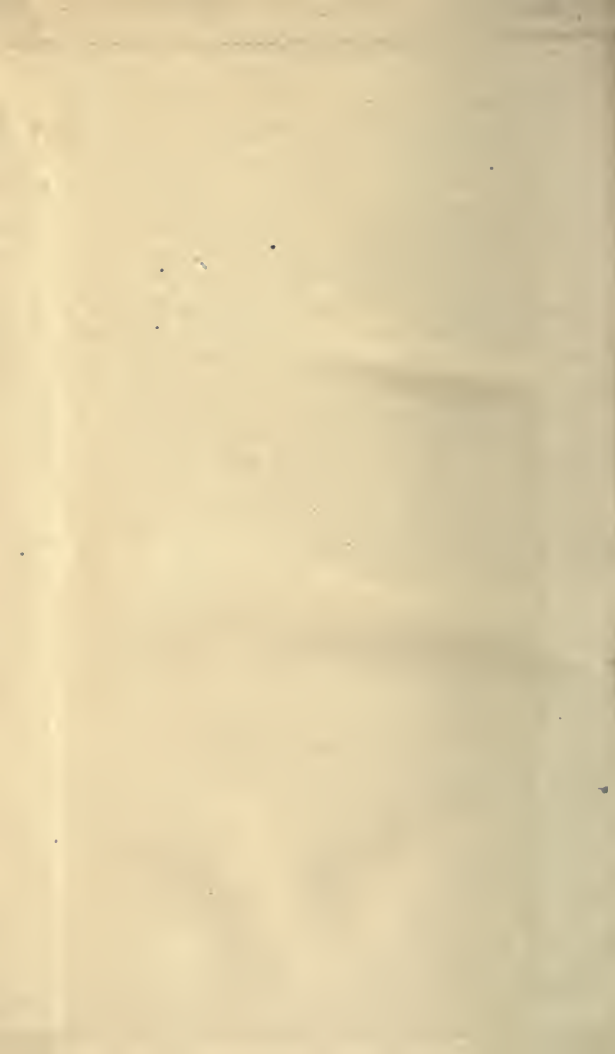
“I ought to have remembered the pepper which the Princess of Persia puts in the cream-tarts in the *Arabian Nights*. Do you put cayenne into your cream-tarts in India, sir?”

Old Sedley began to laugh, and thought Rebecca was a good-humoured girl. Joseph simply said—“Cream-tarts, Miss? Our cream is very bad in Bengal. We generally use goat’s milk; and, ’gad, do you know, I’ve got to prefer it!”

“You won’t like *everything* from India now, Miss Sharp,” said the old gentleman; but when the ladies had retired after dinner, the wily old fellow said to his son, “Have a care, Joe; that girl is setting her cap at you.”

“Pooh! nonsense!” said Joe, highly flattered. “I recollect, sir, there was a girl at Dumdum, a daughter of Cutler of the Artillery, and afterwards married to Lance, the surgeon, who made a dead set at me in the year ’4—at me and Mulligatawney, whom I mentioned to you before dinner—a devilish good fellow Mulligatawney—he’s a magistrate at Budgebudge, and sure to be in council in five years. Well, sir, the Artillery gave a ball, and Quintin, of the King’s 14th, said to me, ‘Sedley,’ said he, ‘I bet you thirteen to ten that Sophy Cutler hooks either you or Mulligatawney before the rains.’ ‘Done,’ says I; and egad, sir—this claret’s very good. Adamson’s or Carbonell’s? . . .”

A slight snore was the only reply: the honest stockbroker was asleep, and so the rest of Joseph’s



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